

# COUNTRY LIFE

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Marcus Adams.

MRS. EDWARD COMPTON AND HER DAUGHTER.

43, Dover Street, W.I.

# COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE

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## Marketing of Wheat, Barley and Oats

THE Ministry of Agriculture has recently published another of the orange books belonging to their Economic Series: "A Report dealing with the Marketing of Wheat, Barley and Oats in England and Wales." The subject being one of considerable complexity, only a few aspects of the situation are dealt with, but in considering them many suggestions of value are put forward. One of the most important subjects to which attention is drawn is the tendency for the manufacture of cereal products, of which there are many, to become concentrated into large units. To set against this there is no corresponding reduction in the number of farmers selling to merchants, or of merchants selling to the manufacturers. This, in itself, is a state of affairs which demands reorganisation, especially if considered together with schemes for the regularisation of marketing with a view to stabilising prices and thus overcoming the seasonal depression which is characteristic of prices in the early months of each cereal year.

Although "Grading" is recommended by most advanced agriculturists, it is not a method which finds

complete acceptance in the Report. Suggestions are made, however, of the means which can be reasonably certain of success under English conditions. Quite contrary to the popular opinion obtaining among large numbers of the general public, the quality of home-grown cereals ranks very high. Thus, our wheat is not only good, but it is cleaner, sweeter and more palatable than the average imported product. There is freedom from infestation of weevils, while the yield of flour is not only excellent in colour but unsurpassed in flavour. Prior to 1875 home-grown wheat commanded higher prices than the imported supplies; but the position has been reversed since then, largely by reason of the development of roller milling, which encouraged the use of the hard, dry, imported wheats. This, in turn, incidentally, led to the concentration of the mills at the principal ports.

The price received for home-grown barley and oats is invariably higher on the average than for the imported grain. Notwithstanding the complaints made by malsters, the best of the home-produced barleys makes the finest malt in the world and yields more malt extract than the average imported kind. The same superiority belongs to the home-produced oats, which weigh more per bushel, are thinner in the skin, and are more satisfactory for porridge or for feeding stock than the imported samples.

It is common knowledge, however, that the decline in the arable area of this country has seriously affected the production of cereals. Little more than 20 per cent. of the wheat, between 50 and 60 per cent. of the barley and about 85 per cent. of the oats consumed in this country are produced in Great Britain and Northern Ireland. The Empire is, however, gradually becoming a dominant factor in the world's markets, and, in spite of the large market in the United Kingdom, the Empire, as a unit, has to seek an outlet for its surplus in other consuming countries. How far Empire supplies affect home-grown supplies is indicated in the Report. It is interesting to learn that the Empire wheats are complementary rather than competitive, for the greater the quantity of high-grade Canadian wheat that is on offer in this country the greater is the demand at the same time for home-grown wheat. The future of wheat-growing in this country will undoubtedly be favourably influenced by the introduction of varieties which conform more closely to the imported types in respect of their "strength," or capacity for absorbing and retaining water when made up into bread. Apart from the suggestions put forward for standardising supplies, a good case is made out for the introduction of legislation to control the quality and content of moisture in bread.

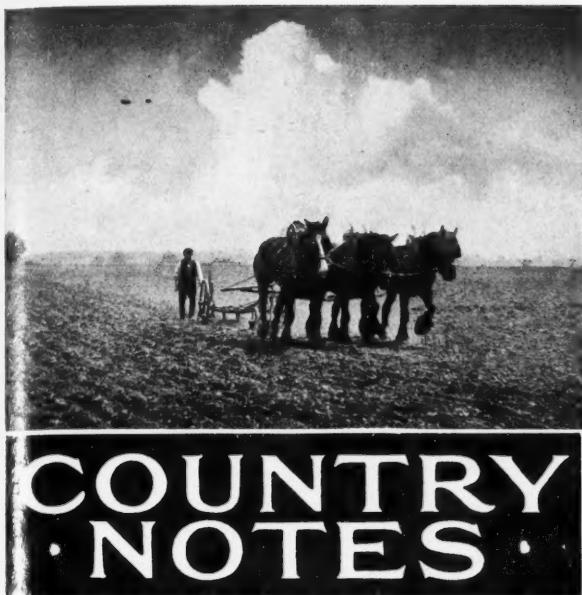
The special problems of barley are similarly dealt with. With this cereal, fluctuations in price are more marked than with wheat. Imports reach their maximum immediately ahead of the home-grown supplies, but, in spite of this, the maximum prices obtain at the beginning of the season, just after harvest, since brewers and malsters make the bulk of their purchases then. This shows a marked contrast to the wheat trade, and, therefore, the problems of marketing barley mainly arise over samples for feeding purposes. The position with regard to oats has been affected by the decline in the horse population. This means a decrease in the consumption of oats from one quarter, but it is offset by the widespread development of poultry farming. Some means of control is recommended in the marketing of supplies. Mills of home-grown oats find difficulty in securing their raw material late in the season, though this is, no doubt, influenced by the fact that the demand for oats as poultry food increases as the season advances.

## Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Mrs. Edward Compton with her little daughter Mary, born in 1919. Mrs. Compton, who was married in 1918 to the elder son of the late Lord Alwyne Compton, is the younger daughter of Lieut.-Col. A. H. Farquharson of Invercauld.

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## COUNTRY NOTES

THERE is no horse lover in the country who has not felt the deepest sympathy for the Prince of Wales. Parting with a favourite animal is always a wrench; but for an enthusiast to be obliged to give up not only his hunters, but hunting and points as well is something approaching a tragedy. One may vainly try all the other sports in the world without finding anything which can equal a perfect day in perfect hunting country, and in our hearts, although we recognise the contingent responsibilities of the heir to the throne, we feel uncommonly sorry for him and realise what a sacrifice he has made. It is clear that he will hunt no more this season, it is probable that he will not race again, but there is reason to hope that, if all goes well, next season will see him again, at least occasionally, in the saddle. The sale at Leicester was attended not only by Meltonians, but by hunting folk from half the country; but the prices did not run high, probably because most of the Prince's horses were on the light side rather than weight carriers.

ENTHUSIASM is, fortunately, infectious, or that little group of idealists who formed the National Art Collections Fund in 1903 out of Mr. MacColl's idea and Lady Herringham's £200 would not have grown to number 8,600 subscribers—that is, 600 recruits since the beginning of this year. The beautifully illustrated book, just published, in which, under Mr. MacColl's editorship, distinguished experts describe what the Fund has secured for the nation, is itself a virulent carrier of infection. The Fund really established itself by a series of vigorous campaigns, soon after its inception, for the purchase of the Rokeby Velazquez, Holbein's "Duchess of Milan" and the Castle Howard Mabuse. The book is appropriately dedicated to that unknown lady who gave a third of her fortune to buy the former picture:

Secret she rests, hid in the house of Fame,  
Who gave, withholding nothing but her name.

In the book Sir Robert Witt makes some important suggestions on the possible use of death duties in forming a State reserve fund for the purchase of "capital pieces." He might have added his support to those who are urging a revision of the regulations to allow the National Gallery to lend pictures as foreign galleries lend them to us. And a representation by the full membership of the Fund demanding the artificial lighting of the National Gallery would, surely, have an effect even on the Treasury.

A PLAN for expanding the Bodleian has been worked out which seems likely to satisfy all parties. If Congregation approves it, no revolution, such as Radcliffe's Camera produced, will change the Oxford skyline, nor will the central library be moved from Bodley's buildings. The only proposal likely to affect the appearance of the

library's surroundings is that the houses on the north side of the Broad should be acquired for the erection of an extension. This refers, of course, to the charming group of houses of which Blackwell's shop is one. While agreeing in principle with this suggestion, we believe that these buildings are of sufficient architectural importance, as a foil to their imposing neighbours, to merit preservation. Their façades could easily be kept, even if their interiors were reconstructed. It is also proposed to acquire the Clarendon Building as a store, to which there can be little objection. In addition, a new repository for little-wanted books is contemplated at Wolvercote, which will permanently relieve the congestion of the central buildings and make room for reorganisation. Finally, it is proposed that the library should cease to receive such classes of literature as railway time-tables, calendars, diaries, fiction magazines, young children's books, and religious and temperance tracts. Presumably, a grand bonfire will be made of all the old time-tables, diaries, etc., that the library has misguidedly digested.

THE "autobiography" which has just appeared throws new light on that side—or those sides, to be more accurate—of Lord Haldane's character which were least known to the public. In reading it we gather, probably for the first time, the stupendous range and variety of his wide and human interests. We learn much of that Scottish upbringing which laid the foundation of a firm and dauntless character, much of the early youth in which contact with a strange country and new modes of thought gradually moulded his mind to a broader and more logical way of thinking than most of his nation possessed, and glimpses at least of those early struggles in a hard profession which gave to a speculative temperament that ability to deal with facts and affairs and with people which made him in after years a master of *realpolitik*. Few who have not lived within its walls can conceive of the difficulties which Haldane faced at the War Office during the years in which he built up the Expeditionary Force, reorganised the Army on modern lines, equipped it with that General Staff which is the brain of any army, and finally raised, organised and equipped that Territorial Force without which the continuation of the war in 1915 would have been impossible. All these things he carried out in the teeth of strenuous opposition, much prejudice and strongly entrenched vested interests, though when, in 1916, he found himself assailed by the clamour of the mob and deserted by his political friends, there was not a soldier of note in the army who did not declare him the greatest organiser for war the country had ever had.

### WINTER.

You have grown old—behind your dimming eyes  
All is not now as it was heretofore;  
It is, as though becoming sadly wise,  
You went into your house, and shut the door  
And brooded there by flickering candle-light.  
Surely, I think, you do not feel the pain  
As I do, who am shut out in the night  
Watching your face, and knowing it were vain  
To trouble you with word, or sigh, or tear,  
For word, nor sigh, nor tear would ever find  
The soul in you that once was swift to hear.  
You would be vaguely, coldly kind,  
Nay, even kinder if you understood  
And mourned the treasure that is somehow lost.  
So Winter turns to ice the once warm blood  
And numbs sensation with his chilling frost.  
Still, still you love, in winter's bounded way  
When memories to your eyes the slow tears bring,  
And something stirs, as if one future day,  
Your heart, grown young again, might welcome spring.

MAY I. E. DOLPHIN.

THE Home Secretary's extraordinary complaint that nobody loves him, and that everybody thinks him prodigiously interfering, whereas he is, in truth, torn between his love of liberty and his duty to wear the shackles with which a democratic Parliament has loaded him, makes strange reading. Sir William Joynson-Hicks is perfectly

correct when he says that many of the ill-considered regulations of war-time have since been, with almost equal ill-consideration, embodied in statutes which it is his presumptive duty to see enforced. He is probably right in urging that no Parliament at the present time and of the present sort could repeal, say, the new licensing regulations in the teeth of distillers, brewers, licensed victuallers and anti-drink fanatics, all of whom they suit very well and who are the really interested and vocal parties. But what the Home Secretary does not point out is that the history of our statute law is, fortunately for us, strewn with pieces of legislation which, when they were seen to be oppressive or repugnant to the general feeling, merely fell into disuse until such time as they could successfully be repealed. In a modern state it is the Home Secretary and his officials who ultimately control the administration of such statutes, and it is their attitude which determines whether the body of citizens are oppressed or not.

THERE were some surprises in the Rugby world last week, and each of the two International matches had an unexpected ending. At Cardiff, Wales found it no easy matter to defeat France by a goal and a try to a try, and the second Welsh try was scored near the end of the game. It is never easy for France to get a representative team to make the long journey to Wales—some players have to travel over a thousand miles—and, even though the Frenchmen had given both Ireland and Scotland a hard fight in Paris, everything pointed to their being beaten in a convincing way at Cardiff. The Welsh forwards met their match on this occasion, while the backs met with such a stout defence that they were mainly robbed of opportunities for showing their skill in attack. One of the few players on the Welsh side who was able to show that his form against Scotland was no mere flash in the pan was F. Williams, the schoolboy half-back, and even he was obliged to give up his attempts to cut through after a while. Behoteguy and Gerald are, undoubtedly, a fine pair of centres, a position which has not usually been a strong point with French teams, and Magnol, after a nervous beginning, maintained the high standard of French full-back play. With adequate halves and more than useful forwards, the Frenchmen have now got a team well above the average of late years, and may give England a surprise in Paris on Easter Monday.

WHILE one cannot help feeling sympathy with the Irishmen in their disappointment when, at last, the International Championship seemed within their grasp, yet it must be confessed that they have only themselves to blame for this result. For three-quarters of the game Ireland was in the Scottish half of the ground; they had many chances of scoring; they had the encouragement that only an Irish crowd can give—and yet they failed. For ten minutes at the beginning and end of the game they were overwhelmed by the Scotsmen, and at the end they were too tired to put up any resistance worthy of the name. The forwards, who had played so gloriously against England, proved to have feet of clay—though the ground was dry enough—and, with only one change from the pack which played at Twickenham, seemed to have left all their "devil" on the other side of the Irish Sea. The absence of George Stephenson from the three-quarter line upset the whole back division, no doubt, but there was no excuse for the tameness of his colleagues. For Scotland, MacPherson showed that he is still a power to be reckoned with in Rugby, and Greenlees was often brilliant. The passing of all the Scottish backs was unusually good.

TO keep undefiled the beauties of our towns and countryside is a duty which affects everybody alike as citizens with social responsibilities. The exhibition of photographs organised by the C.P.R.E., and opened last Monday by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald in the galleries of the Royal Institute of British Architects, 9, Conduit Street, illustrates very clearly just what those responsibilities are. On the advertiser the burden lies heaviest, as one after another of these photographs show. As he is desirous of appearing most prominently in the limelight, so he should be most careful

not to alienate public opinion by a display of selfishness and vulgarity. Beneath some of the photographs exhibited is the very pertinent inscription, "Evil communications corrupt good manners," an old Greek proverb which some of our modern men of business might well take to heart. But owners of roadside cottages, and respectable town-dwellers with roadside frontages have an almost equal duty to refuse to allow their houses to be turned into hoardings. Then there are the garage proprietors, the hotel proprietors, the owners of wayside filling stations and wayside cafés, none of which classes, as the exhibition shows, is without offence. And even with the ordinary person who has never trafficked with an advertiser there is a responsibility of protest against every indignity his eyes are made to suffer. One of the exhibits illustrates what a pioneer of the movement, John Kyrle, did for Ross, his native town, two hundred years ago. If we cannot all afford to be John Kyrles—he gave his town a new church steeple, opened a "prospect" and planted an avenue of elms—we can, at least, do something to save churches and prospects and trees from being destroyed. The most encouraging side of the exhibition—which is by no means merely a chamber of horrors—is that which shows what has already been done by public-spirited societies and individuals.

WEST WYCOMBE—which, in the advertisement for its sale, is euphemistically referred to as a town—is certainly the prettiest village on the London-Oxford road. Above it looms the steep, bald slope of Desborough, with its Italianate church and the magnificent burial enclosure of the Dashwood family, designed by Robert Adam, on its earthwork-encircled top. Tunnelled into the hill is a grotto where the Hell Fire Club held its childish orgies, and on its slopes Lolly Willowses appropriately enough met her "loving huntsman." The beech woods, which lie like grey blankets over the surrounding hills, are, of course, the source of the chair-making industry. Though the "Windsor chair" is the staple product of the Wycombe factories—many of them no more than cottages—it is not generally realised that the district is the greatest centre in the world for the production of furniture. Sir Lawrence Weaver has lately written a little book on the industry, which illustrates the range and skill of the Wycombe craftsmen. The strangest cog in the wheel of modern industry is the Wycombe "bodger," who will buy a tree as it stands, fell it, split it up, and turn stacks of Windsor chair legs or spokes in a shelter by its roots.

#### AD AMICAM.

I love you for your gentle heart  
That is so warm and yet so wise;  
Your smile that is a golden dart,  
The summer lightning of your eyes.

Your grief that is a secret shower,  
A well of waters angel-stirred;  
Your beauty that is half a flower,  
Your joy that is a singing bird.

DAVID STEVENS.

IN its latest report, that energetic organisation, the Ker Rural Community Council, suggests means to remedy the growing scarcity of thatchers, hedgers, sheep-shears and men skilled in other such seasonal occupations. The Council has often shown how successfully it can tackle difficult problems, not least by its organisation of the blacksmith's craft to meet modern requirements. The proposal is that field classes, of the kind already supplied by County Education Committees, for youths over school age should be arranged, with a skilled craftsman in charge, in districts where a lack of specialists is felt. This initial instruction will, of course, have to be succeeded by practice and work before the pupil—or apprentice, as he might become—attains proficiency. But it is the facilities for early lessons that are most needed at present. Some seasonal occupation is a very valuable asset to a farm labourer, enabling him to supplement his ordinary wages, and a master of several can well be an independent small-holder, working round his neighbourhood.



# A GREAT SWEDISH SCULPTOR

SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE WORKS OF CARL MILLES

AN enthusiasm for intellectual and spiritual activity would seem to percolate through the whole of Swedish life. In Sweden the arts are not permitted to depend for their sole support upon the personal interest of a small group of enlightened individuals; they are everyone's concern. In most modern countries artistic experiments are made almost clandestinely, in obscure studios and remote suburbs; in Sweden, on the other hand, enterprising artists are actually encouraged to work out their new ideas in public and on a large scale. And what is still more remarkable, these experiments take place not only in Stockholm and Gothenburg, but also in comparatively small towns like Linköping. History does not record the comments of the burghers of Linköping as they saw the Fountain of Folke Filbyter taking shape before their eyes; but there the fountain stands as an accomplished fact. Can any English town of the same size show a like achievement?

Education is taken very seriously in Sweden. To be liberal and independent, to live in the present and not to be ashamed of it, are in the Swedish blood. The Swedes are admirably conscious of their own intelligence and enlightenment; and this explicit desire for self-improvement is, naturally, reflected not only in their collective life as a civilised people, but in the individual experience of their great men.

Milles may almost be interpreted as a symbol of the Swedish passion for education. He is astonishingly well informed. Archaic Greece, the Gothic Middle Ages, the Italian Baroque, even the dangerous delights of *art nouveau*, have attracted him in their turn; and one notices how intelligent and how sophisticated are his reactions to this rich and varied diet. It would be amusing to draw up a list of parallels, the original that interested Milles and the fruit of that interest, in order to demonstrate how the modern artist with a catholic taste and a formidable historical equipment can build up his own personality. An archaic Etruscan relief would have suggested the delicately engraved draperies and hair, the prominent hands, the outstepping pose of the Copenhagen and Gothenburg Dancers. The kneeling Susannah, with a fold of drapery over her thigh, recalls the Niobid from the Gardens of Sallust. There is a hint of that charming rococo group in the Vatican—a sea centaur carrying off a Nereid—in Milles' composition of Europa and the Bull. The mediaeval bankers and merchants on the Enskilda

Bank in Stockholm, and still more the grotesquely lively figures round the base of the Fountain of Folke Filbyter, are highly entertaining exercises in the Gothic vein. The gates of the Church at Saltsjöbaden, the work of Milles which is, perhaps, the least to our taste nowadays, are deeply indebted to the *art nouveau* of 1900, however personal in style.

Milles is an eclectic as far as inspiration is concerned, but he is far from being a *pasticheur*. He borrows *motifs* from most of the known European styles; but he realises that *motifs* are only half the battle. The armature in which these episodes are incorporated, the setting which the sculptor must keep in his mind's eye are the part of the work that entails the greatest gifts of invention and courage. Milles has a remarkable aptitude for this architectonic performance. A sense of effective display is not commonly found among modern sculptors; nor is this surprising, considering how seldom they are offered a definite site for their activities. Milles has been given unusual opportunities, and he has made the most of them.

His sculpture demands open air and space and plenty of surrounding void. A rectilinear border cramps him, for he has no special feeling for adjusting his design to a geometrical frame. One notices this when circumstances provide him with a series of panels. The inadequacy of the space-filling in the doors at Saltsjöbaden was not to be attributed to mere youthful inexperience, for we notice the same unhandiness in the reliefs round the Fountain of Folke Filbyter. The figures are simply dotted about in a field whose rectangular shape exercises no influence whatever upon the character of the design. The border slices through the shapes with a complete disregard for their position and directions. The reliefs representing the Plague in Sweden, Magnus Ericsson the Lawgiver and St. Bridget praying before an enormous leg show this deficiency in its most acute form. They also reveal by implication the true nature of Milles' formal instincts.

Milles is a fundamentally baroque artist: not so much because of his liking for exuberant and convoluted forms as because of the positive architectonic function he assigns to empty space. To the classical sculptor the block is the essential idea; his object is to be contemplated from the outside, and is conceived as a self-contained mass presenting such and such facets to the exterior world. It is a unit which obeys its own



"THAT BASIN OF SPORTING TRITONS."



A SPATIAL ENTR'ACTE.

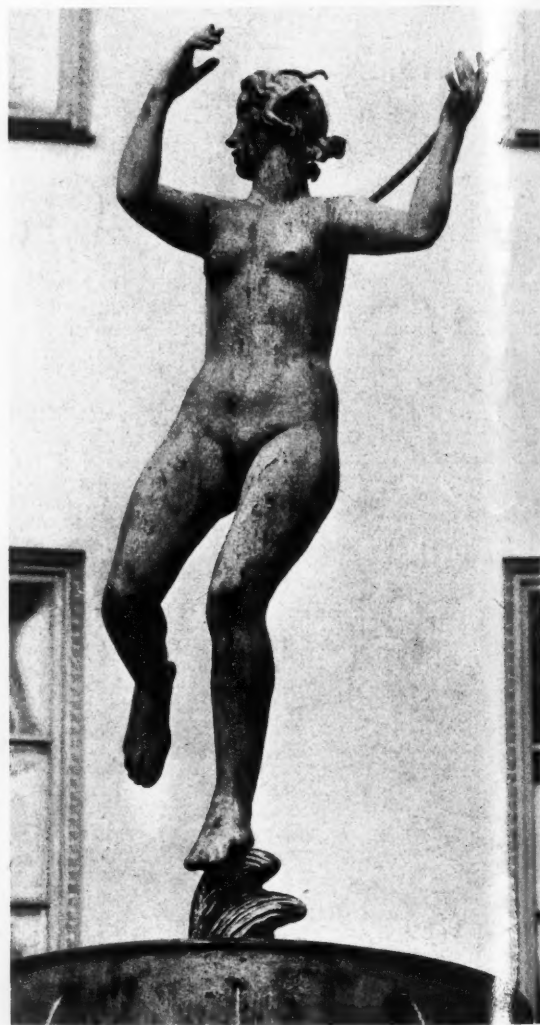


"DANCERS."

internal laws and is organised so that even in a fragmentary condition its rhythmic system is intelligible. The baroque artist, on the other hand, uses his plastic materials as a means of capturing and isolating and punctuating a certain tract of space. He works on the same principle as an architect designing an interior.

In the architect's case the structural members are important in themselves, but more important still is the space they enclose. We may enjoy a column or a console for their own sake as beautiful detail, but in the last resort such partial appreciation is irrelevant. In the same way it is legitimate to admire the modelling of the limbs or the surface treatment of the hair in one of Milles's tritons, but the really significant fact is the hollow they embrace. Beethoven's remark that the most impressive moment in music is the moment when there is no music is equally true of baroque sculpture. Milles is a master of these spatial *entr'actes*.

Baroque sculpture might be described as free-work in three dimensions; its sponge-like texture is its



DETAIL OF THE "FOUNTAIN OF DIANA"

most important attribute. To criticise the shape of its solid articulations is like confining one's attention to the precise cross-section of a Gothic vault; such a criticism may be interesting, but it cannot be regarded as final. It follows that one cannot criticise baroque sculpture without its context, for the context is the final fact to be reckoned with, the *conditio sine qua non*. That is the reason why the exhibition of Milles's work at the Tate Gallery two years ago was such a baffling experience; but for the photographs of the sculpture *in situ*, the individual pieces would have been only partly intelligible. Baroque art is designed *ad locum*: bound up with limitations of time and place, and not transportable and self-sufficing like Greek sculpture. Classical sculpture prefers single figures or closely knit groups. The Fates from the Parthenon, for instance, form practically one continuous block of marble. Baroque sculpture tends to take the form of complex groups with plentiful airy interstices: the Farnese Bull and Bernini's Apollo and Daphne at once suggest themselves.

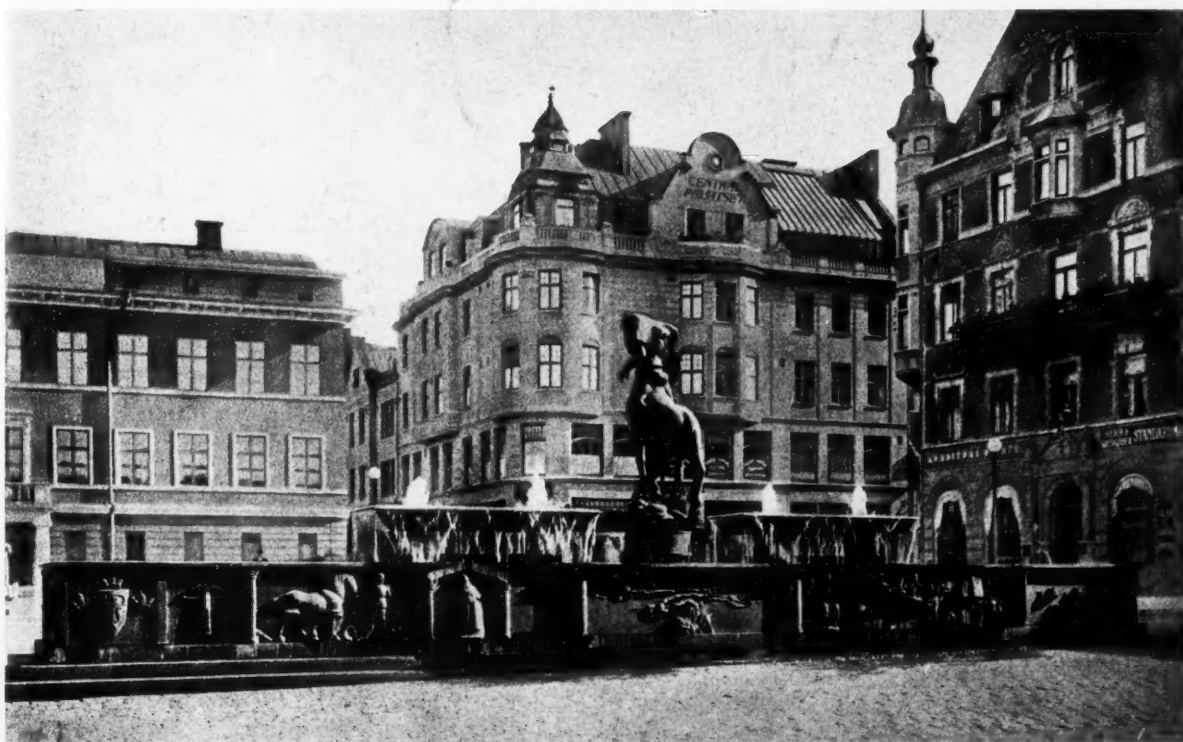


Milles's passion for openwork effects, which call to mind the latticed towers of Cologne and Burgos persists, throughout his work. The remarkable composition of two girls dancing almost intertwined, but actually touching each other only at the finger-tips, is the most emphatic statement of a taste which has dictated the *ajouré* treatment of Europa and the Bull, the chords of sculpture which subtend the concave arcs round the base of the fountain of Poseidon at Gothenburg, the antler-like branches that encircle the central support in the fountain of Diana in the building of the Swedish Match Trust in Stockholm, and—in imagination—the jets of water which the tritons play upon each other in the fountain at Lidingö.

This baroque partiality for fountains is an immediate consequence of the needs of baroque design; the glittering parabolas of water weave a cat's cradle from the scaffolding of the composition, emphasising the all-important



DETAIL OF THE FOUNTAIN OF POSEIDON.



THE FOUNTAIN OF FOLKE FILBYTER.



FOUNTAIN OF FOLKE FILBYTER: "THE PLAGUE."

spatial interludes. It is no accident that Bernini should have turned baroque Rome into a city of gushing waters, or that Milles should have seen fit to create that basin of spouting tritons in his garden at Lidingö. It is appropriate that he should go about striking the rocks like a sort of Swedish Aaron.

Not everyone can afford to make a journey to Sweden to see the works of Milles in the surroundings for which they were designed, and which alone can give them their full value. But a very tolerable substitute is, fortunately, available. M. Verneuil has published two handsome volumes in which we may find every sort of fact about Milles's life (*Carl Milles, Sculpteur Suédois*, by M. P. Verneuil. Paris and Brussels: Les Editions Van Oest, 1929), and, in addition, two appreciations of his art by Herr Walther Unus and Mr. Charles Marriott; and, what is even better, a large series of superb photographs which enable us to visualise in some degree the beautiful sites which Milles has been called upon to enrich out of his inexhaustible stock of fancy.

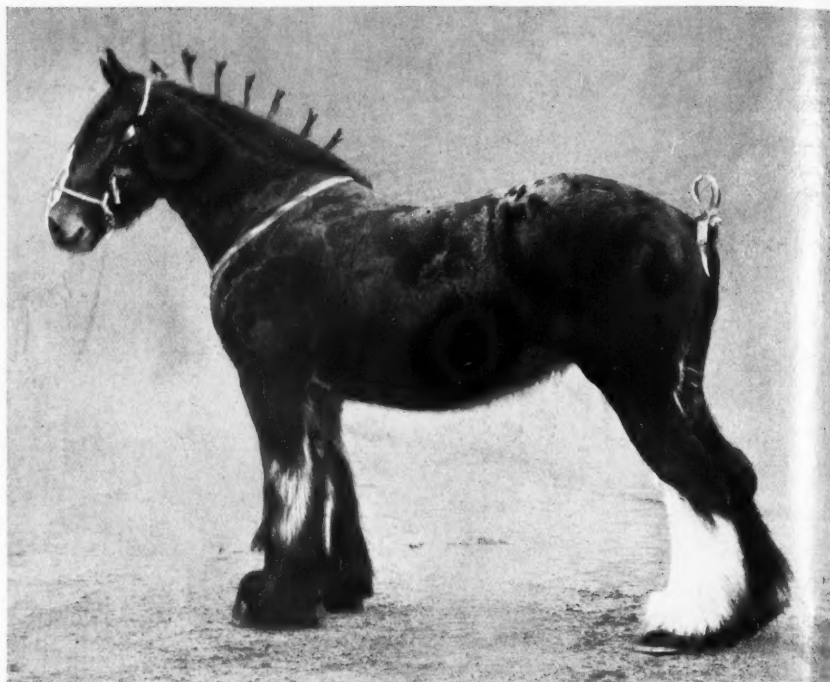
ROGER HINKS.

## THE JUBILEE SHIRE HORSE SHOW

**N**OTHING is more valuable in breeding than a long record of good ancestry. This is precisely for what the various stud, herd and flock book societies exist, and when the half-century of registered existence has been reached in any one case, it is fitting to take stock of the relative progress achieved. The Shire horse needs no introduction to the agriculturists of England and Wales. He is the modern representative of the old English cart-horse. In turn, his ancestry can be traced back to the war-horse of other days. As times have changed with their respective methods and customs, so also have the needs for which horses have been required. This, in itself, forms a fascinating subject of study, and demonstrates the pliability of breeds in the hands of breeders so far as their future destiny is concerned. The changes have been gradual, rather than sudden, and those who have been associated with Shire horse breeding even during the last twenty years have been able to discern the same evolutionary progress and development.

It is sometimes assumed that the modern breeder is not concerned with that which has passed. The pedigree breeder, however, is still a slave to the study of ancestry, and with considerable reason. Strain is a very important factor in horse-breeding, as will be recognised when mention is made of the fact that most of our best Shire horses to-day trace back to two or three outstanding sires in the early days of the breed's registered career. Just as the breeders of racehorses have closely followed performance on the Turf as a guide to the breeding of future winners, so also, have Shire breeders of class patronised those sires which have established their powers of prepotency, judged by their capacity to produce show-ring victors. The system may not have the reliability which one associates with the practice on the Turf, for the draught-horse sire is not subjected to any haulage or weight-shifting tests, but is judged on a conformation to type basis.

The breed has experienced its periods of prosperity and depression during the last fifty years, though the depression has been principally crowded into the post-war years. Without any qualification, the Shire horse industry was probably seen at its best in the days of the large landed estates. The owners of these estates have, at various times, come under criticism for their lack of interest in the welfare of agriculture, but, while this may be true in some instances, the criticism is by no means generally merited. History will ultimately reveal how great



LOCKINGE RIDGEWAY ROSE. Champion Mare.

an effort has been made by landed proprietors to interest their tenants in the breeding of high-class stock, and in no direction was this influence more marked than in the case of horse-breeding. Some of the studs of other days which have left a lasting impression on the breed include those of the late Lord Wantage, Lord Egerton of Tatton, the Earl of Ellesmere, Sir P. A. Muntz, Lord Rothschild, the Hon. Edward Coke, the Duke of Westminster and Mr. A. C. Duncombe. There are countless other names which could be given where the contribution has, in a smaller way, been equally valuable, and where opportunity was provided for tenant farmers to mate their mares with the best "blood" in existence, at a nominal price. One can use as an illustration of this the case of the late Lord Llangattock, who purchased in the early 'nineties the black stallion Prince Harold for the then record price of 2,500 guineas. This horse was available for the use of tenant farmers at half the ordinary stud fees, and similar examples are numerous.

That Shire horse breeding has suffered since the dispersal of the old-time famous studs is generally admitted. The competition for good horses bred by tenant farmers has also been affected. The movement for the dispersal of these famous studs was commenced in pre-war days, largely as a result of the growing burdens of taxation incidental to the ownership of large estates. On top of this has come the post-war competition of motor traction, which looked to be so serious at one time as to endanger the existence of the breed except for purely agricultural purposes. Experience with the new forms of transport has shown, however, that the horse is indispensable for certain classes of work if one values true economy. There is, therefore, a revival in the breeding of heavy horses suitable for town haulage purposes, and though the prices paid for horses are not yet as satisfactory as breeders would wish, they are nevertheless improving. In the opinion of some, the horse has never been fully exploited even for haulage purposes, and in the moving of great weights Shire horses have achieved considerable distinction.

There has also been a revival of estate studs in recent years, though one is, perhaps, not able to identify with these the aims which were associated with those of other days. The formation of horse-hiring societies has served to stabilise the breeding industry on a satisfactory basis, and has ensured that, in the absence of good local studs, breeders in a district have co-operatively hired the services of good stallions. This has been of advantage both to the owners of entires and of mares. The Jubilee Show last week, at the



W. A. Rouch.

EATON PREMIER KING. Champion Stallion.

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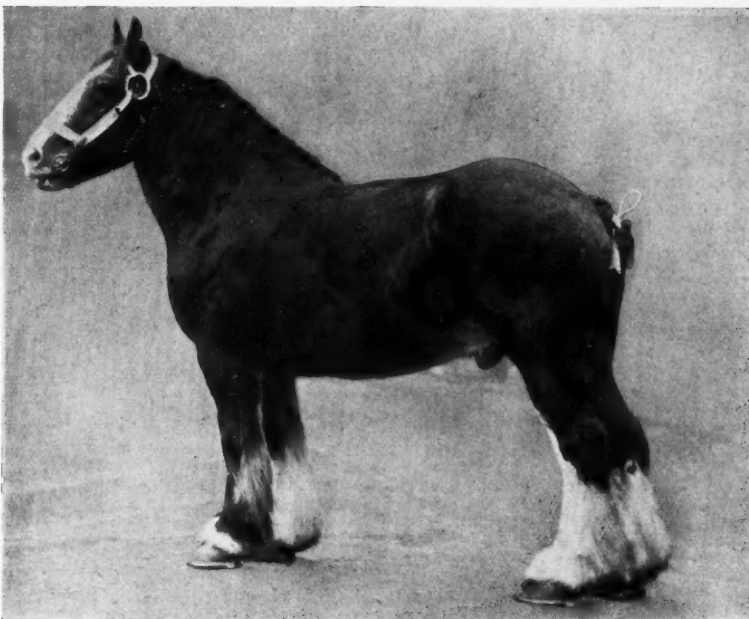


Agricultural Hall, Islington, attracted an entry of 385, which is the best total for some years past. Fittingly enough, Sir Walter Gilbey, Bt., is the President for the year, and horse-breeding in general owes much to the services and interest of the Gilbey family. The late Sir Walter Gilbey was one of the founders of the Shire Horse Society and a keen historian of the breed. The interest of the Royal family was shown by the visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who witnessed the awarding of the championships and later presented the cups and medals to the successful exhibitors.

It will not be possible to describe in detail all the prize-winners. The Show provided keen competition and sprang a number of surprises. One begins to feel that exhibiting horses is an art in itself, and names which for years have been prominent in horse-breeding circles reappear with unflinching regularity. Continuity in breeding, again, is a priceless asset, but in many cases the exhibitor is merely the owner and not the breeder. This betokens the existence of many good judges who can find a good horse "in the rough" and bring him out to win. The yearling colt class rather contradicts this view, since Mr. J. Morris Belcher claimed first and third with two home-bred sons of his own champion stallion Eaton Premier King. The two year olds provided a keen class, in which the Lancashire breeder, Mr. R. Stuart, won with a black son of Carlton Friar Tuck, *viz.*, Kirkland Black Friar, and in doing so defeated Major J. A. Morrison's Pendley Harvester, winner of the 1928 yearling class. Kirkland Black Friar was ultimately awarded the junior stallion championship. H.M. the King was third in the two year old class with Appleton Heirloom, and some good horses were placed lower down. The three year old class also contained some good horses of which much has been heard. Messrs. J. Forshaw and Son, the Nottinghamshire breeders and stud owners, who invariably spring a few surprises at this Show, exhibited the winner in Enderby Heirloom, by Carlton Wyresdale, and which later was reserve for the Junior Stallion Championship. Mr. A. T. Loyd's Ratcliffe Record, by Pendley Record, was second; while Mrs. Stanton, who was last year's President of the Show, could only obtain third place with her Slatfold Nulli Secundus, which had headed the two year old class in the previous year.

The four year olds contained last year's reserve champion in Colonel A. F. Nicholson's Stretton Broadside, by Darley Wild Wave. Colonel Nicholson has inherited the late Sir Adam Nicholson's stud, which has had a prominent place in recent years. Stretton Broadside once again defeated all opposition in his class and was reserve for the Senior Stallion Championship, as also reserve for the Supreme Male Championship. Another class which occasioned much interest was that for stallions over 16h. gins. and between four and ten years old. Two former supreme champions were on parade in Mr. Belcher's Eaton Premier King, last year's supreme champion winner, which was bred by the Duke of Westminster, and is by Eaton Peace King; and Colonel A. F. Nicholson's Cowage Clansman, which has twice annexed the Supreme Championship, *viz.*, in 1925 and 1927. Last year these two horses shared the same class for the first time and were respectively first and second in the order in which they have been named. Once again they lined up in the same order, and Mr. Belcher's horse won the Senior Stallion Championship and the Supreme Stallion Championship, an honour which was never at any time in question. Incidentally, the capacity of a horse to repeat a former victory of this character shows that there is no fluke about the event. Not only is Eaton Premier King a good horse, but he is proving a very prepotent sire. The well known Pendley Footprint, exhibited by Colonel Nicholson, won the aged stallion class, which attracted some good horses.

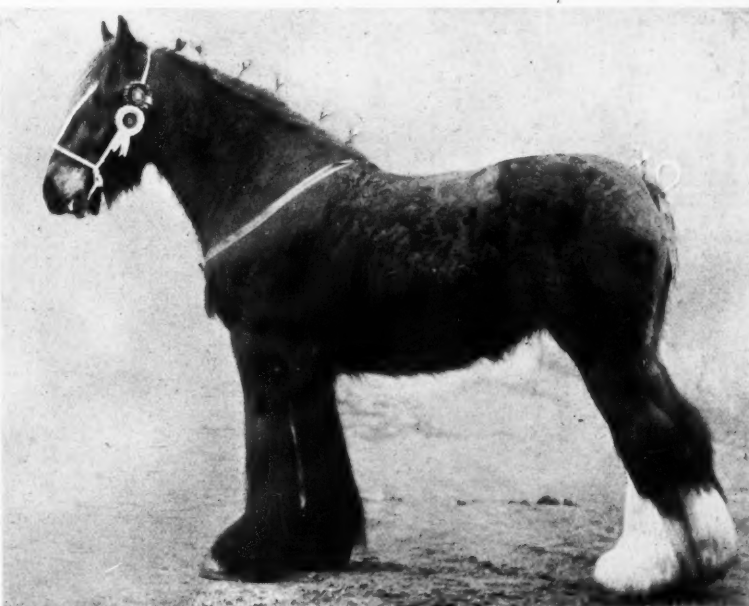
The female classes also had their quota of famous animals. The yearling fillies provided a win for Major J. A. Morrison with the Derbyshire-bred Pendley Lucky Girl. The two year olds, again, saw prize-winning blood supreme. Mr. T. M. Watson's home-bred Whinney May, by Heronty Bascot, was first; while Major Morrison's Pendley Lady Luck, the Derbyshire-bred daughter of the late Seedsman, was second. The three year olds provided the pick of the



SHIRE GELDING CÆSAR. First Prize and Champion.



SHIRE STALLION KIRKLAND BLACK FRIAR. First Prize and Junior Champion.



SHIRE FILLY WINDRUSH TULIP. First Prize and Junior Champion.

junior female classes. Major Morrison's Windrush Tulip, by Heirloom 3rd, is a beautifully modelled mare, and won her class and annexed the Junior Mare Championship and the reserve for the Supreme Mare Championship. The Duke of Devonshire's Ledwyche Pearl, by Ledwyche Clansman and out of a Harboro' Nulli Secundus mare, was second and reserve for the Junior Mare Championship.

The four year old mare class contained last year's Supreme Championship winner in Mr. A. T. Loyd's Lockinge Ridgeway Rose, a bay, by Lincoln What's Wanted 2nd. She again had no difficulty in winning her class, and later the Senior Mare Championship and Supreme Mare Championship. Thus, for

two years in succession the Show has had the same animal victorious in the respective male and female supreme championships. Mr. Loyd also won the next two classes for mares with Burghfield Lucky and Nameless. It is interesting to mention that Mr. Loyd's successes in the mare classes remind one of the late Lord Wantage's successes in the stallion classes many years ago, for Mr. Loyd inherited the Wantage estate.

It is pleasing to observe the interest now being displayed in the gelding classes. It is only by advertising the merits of the geldings that real progress can be made in the commercial sense.

## THE ESTRANGEMENT

By RICHARD BALL.



THE Newmans and the Prendergasts had been neighbours for generations—their gate lodges faced across the Castlehubert road—and old Sam Newman and Colonel Prendergast, being much of an age, had been more or less brought up together, imbibing therein much of that spirit of friendly rivalry which is the foundation of companionship in the male. Marrying contemporaneously, their wives had fostered it—for the time being, perhaps, deepening its intensity with an acrimonious tinge. But now, widowers both, they had relapsed into that milder spirit of companionship which had coloured their boyhood—a spirit of which the essential seemed to be that the activities of the one should be the activities of the other, too. Yet the probability is that neither of them would ever have realised it had it not been that the Colonel's son, Henry, was unexpectedly ordered abroad.

Henry Prendergast's regiment got its orders unexpectedly, and Henry—as is the way of such affairs—for the moment felt most thoroughly disorganised. Little Mrs. Henry immediately decided to go with him. She was that sort! Nothing would persuade her to stay at home, not even the close approach of the hunting season. But the problem that worried her most was what to do with Grey Swallow.

"I can't bear selling her to just anybody," she said to Henry, "and if we leave her here your father'll want to hunt her. And I can't see them getting on well together, particularly now that Grey Swallow's been raced. Though, poor old dear, he'd feel frightfully hurt if we told him so!"

Mrs. Henry's Grey Swallow had won three good races the previous season.

But Henry, though he had ridden her well in those three races, did not now prove capable of any adequate suggestion. "I dunno what you ought to do," he said.

Mrs. Henry looked thoughtful for a moment. Then she clapped her hands. "Oh, I've got it!" she said. "I'll sell her to Uncle Sam." Old Sam was Mrs. Henry's uncle, by adoption!

"He'll ride her ever so nicely," she continued. "And we can be sure of getting her back if we get home again next year. Besides, Uncle Sam's very fond of me. He'll give me a very good price."

And so, when old Sam turned up at tea-time that day, she broached the matter. The deal was agreed upon before he left—without anything being said about it to the Colonel.

"You see," Mrs. Henry explained, "he's a tremendously plucky old thing, but Grey Swallow'd be a little bit too much

for him. And she'll be just perfect with you, Uncle Sam. You always take them so nice and gently."

Old Sam felt his heart warming, and thought what a deuced clever little woman she was, and how right—always how absolutely right! "Why, m'dear," he said, "it'll be quite like old times."

Little Mrs. Henry nodded. "Poor old Grandpa! I hope he won't feel it too much! And he's got his own three to go on with. But I know he was always very anxious to have a day on Grey Swallow."

She broke the news tactfully to the Colonel.

"Why," he began, "why didn't you tell me? I'd have given you as much as Sam Newman. And the mare and I'd have got on first rate."

"Uncle Sam's always loved her," explained Mrs. Henry.

"And you'd have been certain of gettin' her back again when you came home."

Mrs. Henry smiled.

Towards the end of September Henry and Mrs. Henry sailed, leaving the Colonel's home singularly lonely; and Grey Swallow crossed the road from the Colonel's stables to Sam Newman's yard. She seemed quite content with her new quarters. And Sam and she seemed to get on together excellently as they exercised round the roads. On the very first morning that he rode her out Sam met the Colonel, also riding along. "Hullo, Bill," he called, "gettin' fit?"

"Yes," answered the Colonel shortly.

"Another month and we'll be at it again."

"Yes," grunted the Colonel.

Old Sam took a look at him, and then rode on in silence. But his was a friendly spirit, and a little later he found himself beginning again. "Heard anything of Henry and Betty since?"

"Only once," answered the Colonel.

He looked straight ahead towards his old bay horse's ears. Then he suddenly found himself descending to the root of the matter which troubled him. "Dunno what made her sell you that mare!" he said.

"Dunno, either," agreed old Sam.

"She'll be too much for you with hounds," said the Colonel. "It's not thirty years ago, Sam."

Old Sam smiled, but he didn't make any reply.

And the Colonel found himself thinking, "Stiff-necked fellow, Sam! Always was deuced obstinate! Absurd his thinking that he can hunt that mare!"



September passed, and October wore its way along.

"Few nights' frost," thought Sam, daily noting the increasing fall of the leaf, "then we can have a go at it!" And the prospect of soon again having "a go at it" stirred his heart just as it used to stir it more than thirty years before. Grey Swallow, too, reminded him of those days that had been. He became conscious of a disinclination towards the remainder of his string.

Every other morning, out exercising, he met the Colonel; but nowadays, as both of them secretly realised, their meetings weren't as satisfying as they used to be.

"Can't stand seein' Sam on the grey mare," the Colonel excused himself.

"Bill's deuced sharp these days. Sometimes you can't say a word to him. But I daresay he's deuced lonely without the boy and girl!" Thus Sam, in self-explanation.

And yet, though the Colonel was admittedly lonely, he and Sam didn't see as much of one another as they had been used to for years; and when they did meet things didn't seem the same—"not," as they both inwardly agreed, "by a long chalk!" The old sincerity had departed. There was always a sense of something—and something that mattered—left unsaid. When the Colonel came over he never even mentioned getting a letter from Betty. And Sam hadn't as much as one word about the opening day.

But with the first week of November came the latter, and Sam rode the three miles to the meet on Grey Swallow, starting early so as not to hit off the Colonel upon the road. But the Colonel had also decided to start early, in case he should chance upon Sam, and they met where they had been accustomed to meet by appointment for years, where their entrance gates faced one another. They rode in to Castlehubert together, neither of them saying very much.

As the Colonel looked silently at Grey Swallow, he thought, "Now, why the mischief couldn't Betty have let me have her? Thought I was too old, I suppose! I daresay she told Henry I shouldn't be able to ride her—he's well under her thumb! Too old, indeed! Fiddlesticks! But it's really absurd to think of poor old Sam."

And Sam, glancing at the Colonel's old bay, murmured that "they didn't give you the same feel as a blood one. Those sort never did! First rate, of course, for old Bill."

Yet the pride of being on a good one was in his eyes and in the square of his neat old shoulders as he rode round the bend to the meet. "Begad, Sam," said the Master, smiling at the small figure on the blood mare, "you're all right to-day!" And all Sam's old-time horsemanship seemed to rise up within him as he answered the Master's greeting.

After the manner of most opening days, it was not a particularly good one. An hour's demesne hunting was followed by a burst for three fields in the open. A long jog followed, with, at the end of it, another sharp burst to ground. And then Sam decided to go home. "Enough for the first day," he murmured to Grey Swallow. "You've pace, old lady, and the best mouth I've ever touched!" He was tired, but how pleased! He'd been with hounds every moment that they ran. What more could anyone wish for?

But he felt lonely that night, not having anyone to tell about it. It was the first night of an opening meet that the Colonel and he hadn't had dinner together for years!

The next week Sam hunted the mare again. It was a better day, and he told himself coming home that he had a deuced good one. But a faint note of doubt seemed to have crept into his assurance. "A bit hot, eh, old lady?" he murmured to Grey Swallow.

But wasn't it natural that she'd pull a bit—what more could a fellow expect? He didn't realise how very hard she had pulled him until he was getting up the next morning. "Still, wasn't a day on her worth all the rest of 'em put together?" He had had two days in between on his old stagers, and it wasn't the same thing at all. But he couldn't have said so to Bill. Bill—funny chap—seemed to feel rather sore about his getting Grey Swallow!

By mid-December Sam had hunted the mare half a dozen times, and, in spite of good days—one or two deuced good days!—he was becoming increasingly aware that the days in between upon Buffoon and Merry Andrew were the days that he really enjoyed. Then came the moment of full realisation. Once more, as he rode to the meet, Sam found himself summoning up his resolution—he was conscious of very frequently summoning it up those days! He wasn't as young as he had been. . . . Agreed. But the mare had perfect manners. . . . Agreed. And a perfect mouth. . . . Agreed. And it wasn't that she went off with a burst. . . . It was only when hounds were running that she really took hold of him.

But hounds got going pretty quickly that morning. They were no sooner into the stick covert upon the top of Carrickbourne Hill than they were out again upon the farther side, with the Master doubling "Gone away!" upon his horn, and the first whip frenziedly hurrying stragglers on. Sam gripped his knees in the old familiar way, sat down in his saddle and did his best to hold Grey Swallow steady. Down the hill she strode. The Master was galloping through the gate at the bottom, and towards it the hurrying field converged.

"Once out of this crowd," Sam thought, "I'll get a better pull at her. All these people comin' slap down, most of 'em

without half an idea! It's really damn dangerous—that!" He tightened his grip. Grey Swallow, using her shoulders, steadied down. And all would have been well if, at the last moment, the Colonel on old Jason hadn't slipped in right in front of him at the gate. They met knee to knee, with a bang.

"Damn you, sir! Where do you think you're going?" shouted the Colonel, and then recollected that they had been avoiding one another for a month or more and that most people knew of the fact.

Once through the gate Grey Swallow got into her stride. Sam was borne towards the front with ease. "If I could steady her a moment!" he thought. "The way old Bill banged into me quite took away my breath."

But Grey Swallow, with ears pricked, strode on. Sam jumped an open fence and then another, turned up-hill, right-handed, and followed the Master across a wall, bent left-handed then, and jumped on to and off a narrow bank. And Grey Swallow ate up the succeeding stretch of pasture with her sweeping stride. Out of a long grass field came a wide open fence, and then another. "Jolly good!" Sam murmured between panting breaths.

But it soon became too good. He couldn't stick it much longer. And then another fence rose up before him! Another field. . . . The Master dropped on to a lane, and Sam dropped hot-foot after him. The Master wheeled to the right, his eyes upon his hounds. With a desperate effort Sam wrenched his mare's head round to the left and began to gallop up the lane. And he kept her galloping until all sounds of the chase had faded from his ears. Then he slowed down to a walk, and at length pulled up upon the deserted country road. And then, very sorrowfully, he spoke, beneath his breath. "If I'd let that mare into the fields again I'd have died!"

He got down and stood very still. No sound came to his ears save the thumping beats of his own old heart. Then he got up again and rode home very sadly.

The following Wednesday Sam rode Buffoon—Frosty Mainwaring was having a day upon Grey Swallow. The Wednesday after he took Merry Andrew out and lent Grey Swallow to one of the Harrison girls. But it was on the Thursday of the third week—young Foljambe had had the grey mare the day before—that the Colonel arrived in Sam's yard shortly after breakfast.

"Your master about?" he asked.

"No, sir, but I'll send in a message."

"Very well," said the Colonel. "I'll wait."

Sam came out somewhat diffidently. "Hullo!" he said.

"Hullo!" answered the Colonel.

For a moment they both stood tongue-tied.

Then Sam, chiefly from force of habit, began, "What about shootin' my roots after lunch? My fellows tell me . . ."

No," said the Colonel. "I haven't time. What I came down about is the grey mare. I want her. I've always wanted her. I'll give you whatever you gave Betty for her and you can send her across to-day."

Sam shook his head. He thought that little Mrs. Henry wouldn't like it. But deep in his heart was the realisation that never again could he even attempt to ride her himself.

The Colonel snorted. "And what are you goin' to do with her? She's no use to you."

And then something in Sam seemed to jump, and he found himself chiefly thinking of the way Bill had shouted at him the other day. If he couldn't ride her, neither could Bill. He was pretty sure of that! And he'd just let him try! "All right," he said. "You can have her. But you'd better send across. I'm very busy here to-day."

"All right," nodded the Colonel.

Grey Swallow changed her quarters once more that afternoon, but she didn't re-appear in the hunting field for some time. Sam saw very little of her. Once or twice he met the Colonel riding round the roads, but the latter was uncommunicative. He was always very busy. He was always hurrying home. Not a word about Henry or Mrs. Henry or "anything!" All that month about Christmas-time Sam felt very lonely indeed.

It was well on in January before Grey Swallow re-appeared. And to Sam's sharp eyes—though he told himself that he didn't want to be prejudiced—she wasn't looking as well as she had done. Yet Bill wasn't the sort of fellow to cut her feeding! It was only that—well, that she looked smaller with Bill, he being a biggish man. But Bill, Sam told himself, hadn't the hands to ride her! She was deuced hot at the meet!

A blank day ensued and the Colonel went home satisfied. He'd had much opportunity of telling people that he'd bought back his daughter-in-law's mare.

The following Wednesday Sam saw him out again. "Plucky fellow, Bill! But he never had hands to ride that class of horse!" They had a nice twenty minutes in the morning, and Sam saw it all, realising anew the pleasure of riding an old, trusted servant like Merry Andrew. Yet, as he pulled up and saw the Colonel pulling up behind him, he became conscious of a feeling of despondence. He wasn't very good company for anybody as he rode on to the second draw.

It was almost one o'clock. Hounds had been in covert some time and the field had begun to grow restive before the whipper-in gave his livening "View hullo" from the far side of the gorse. And then there suddenly began, with a tightening of reins and gripping of knees, what was to be long afterwards known as the

great run from Collier's Gorse. The Master's horn twanged, and hounds came tumbling out of covert. The foremost spirits among his following made a premature dash forward—to meet with adequate rebuke. And then, the next moment, they were really away, old Sam on Merry Andrew in front with the best of them—with no more than one backward glance to where Grey Swallow jibbed against the Colonel's heavy hand. Then he glanced ahead towards where hounds were driving up across the rising slope of the field.

Up across that field, at Merry Andrew's consistent pace, with the thunder of hoofs about you and not so many, after all, in front! . . . Up on to that bank, with complete confidence in Merry Andrew's capability to deal with whatever might lie upon the farther side. Down that lane, and in again at the bottom. . . . Over that wide place, and then skirt the piece of plough up to the farther road. . . . And then on down again and across all that sloping stretch of countryside towards where the distant woods of New Haggard rose. . . . What more perfect line could any fox have decided to take? And what more adequate mount than Merry Andrew, keeping his place in the front of it?

It was a long time afterwards—they had crossed the valley and were half way up the long rise below New Haggard, and Sam had become conscious that both he and Merry Andrew were near the end of their tether—before he saw the Colonel again. Suddenly he caught sight of Grey Swallow's pricked silver ears and, a moment later, of the Colonel's purple face. Three strides farther and the mare was past him. She was sailing along—and with Bill! All at once Sam became conscious of feeling very old and tired, and that Merry Andrew was done.

"Both of us! Done!" he muttered sorrowfully, and watched Grey Swallow in front of him clear a stiff thorn hedge.

He made for a gap that led out on to a lane way. He toiled up that lane, alone, while fainter and fainter grew the cry of hounds, and farther ahead their following.

"Old Bill!" Sam muttered, as Merry Andrew subsided to a trot near the top of the hill. "I didn't think it was in him!" And a deep sense of the unfairness of things smote hard upon Sam. What value its being a great run, what value his being bang in it for a long way, what value "anything," if Bill . . . And he'd been a better horseman than Bill—always a better horseman—and now, damn it, he'd never hear the end . . .

It was about twenty minutes later—he was riding despondently home—when there suddenly appeared, round a bend of the road, a countryman leading a grey mare. One glance was enough. It was Grey Swallow! And immediately all old Sam's despondency was merged into something greater. He rode hurriedly forward. Had anything happened to Bill?

"Nothing at all, sir," the countryman answered him comfortably. "The old gentleman pulled her into the yard when the hunt was passin'. Runnin' away with him from the first minute he loosed her head, he said she was, the whole time she'd been! He stepped down off her as soon as he had her stopped, an' he said he'd never get up on her back again. He gave her half a crown to lead her home for him, and he went away in a motor car!"

That evening Sam went over to look up the Colonel, and they dined together that night. And, though neither of them said anything about it, they both felt that it had been one of the pleasantest evenings they had spent for a long time. Nor did they shirk mention of Grey Swallow. The Colonel had had good news. Henry and Mrs. Henry would be home in the spring, he told Sam, and the mare would be the better for a rest until then.

## ENGLISH GOLD AND SILVER PLATE

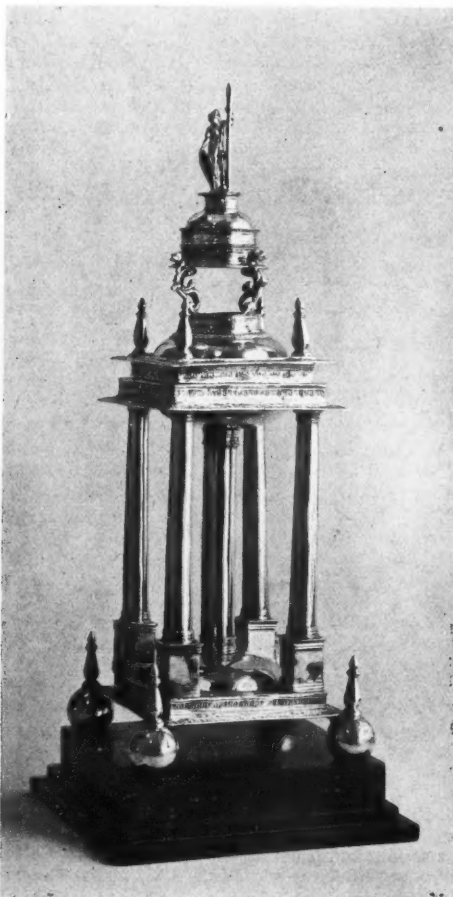
SIR PHILIP SASSOON'S EXHIBITION AT 25, PARK LANE.

ON Tuesday, March 5th, Sir Philip Sassoon, who last year lent his house for the memorable exhibition of needlework, opens his doors for a fortnight on what promises to be a no less remarkable collection of English gold and silver work. Following, as it does, on the

wonderful exhibition of decorative art at Lansdowne House and on the exhibition of Dutch pictures at Burlington House, it forms the third course in a banquet of beauty such as London has never known before. One does not know which aspect is the most remarkable of the development of



1.—THE READE SALT.  
Norwich hall-mark, 1568. Silver-gilt.  
Height 15½ ins. Lent by the Norwich Corporation.



2.—STANDING SALT CELLAR, 1580.  
Silver-gilt. Height 11½ ins.



3.—THE STONEYHURST SALT.  
1577. Silver-gilt. Height 10½ ins.





4.—TWO-HANDLED TANKARD, 1694. Height 9½ins.



5.—PORRINGER, circa 1650. Silver-gilt. Height 8½ins.

connoisseurship that these exhibitions bear witness to: the public spirit of those who lend their houses and their treasures, the energy of the organisers in the cause of charity and international good will, or the extent of the popular appreciation of the exhibitions. This series of crowded exhibitions is a phenomenon of no little importance in the life of to-day. If an understanding of the arts of the past is the prelude to enlightened taste in contemporary relations of art and life, we may look forward to a democratic renaissance of unprecedented vigour at no distant date. The step from appreciating beauty in antiques to demanding it of everyday surroundings is a short one. It is to be hoped that the popular enthusiasm evident in these exhibitions will soon extend to things of to-day: architecture, the countryside, industrial design. There is no reason why this exhibition should not be even more popular than its predecessor.

In a preliminary view of the exhibition it is difficult for a writer to make a forecast of its effect in his own mind, let alone to transmit it to the reader. Much of the plate comes from ancestral and private collections and has never been exhibited before. But a study of the lists of loans establishes an outline of the picture which we shall see next week in all its splendour. Mediæval work, considering its extreme scarcity, will be prominently, if not completely, represented. The Cambridge Colleges are contributing most generously, particularly Corpus Christi, whence comes the fourteenth century horn and late fifteenth century "mazer of the three kings," and the rosewater dish and ewer, hall marked 1545, given by Archbishop Parker. The earliest dish of this kind, at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, is dated 1493, but does not appear in the catalogue. Though Oxford sends many fine things, the recent Ashmolean exhibition, perhaps, absolves the college bursars from baring their chests again, and so soon. However, one at least of Oxford's most priceless possessions—the unique pax of c. 1520 from New College—will

be seen. A small, but remarkable, object is the beaker, hall marked for 1496-97, lent by Lady Louis Mountbatten. The tapering and slightly curved ribs on the side may be derived from Roman glass of the period, and, in any case, were, presumably, applied for ease of handling. The beaker's simplicity makes it one of the most satisfying legacies of Gothic silver-smiths, who tended to misuse ornament.

The Elizabethan and Jacobean period, the earlier years of which produced work of high quality, is richly represented. The most celebrated piece is probably one of the three "Bacon Cups," also lent by Lady Louis Mountbatten. With its two fellows, one of which is in the British Museum, it was made by Sir Nicolas Bacon from the Great Seal of Queen Mary in 1573-74. The cover is surmounted by the Bacon boar, and round the bowl an inscription records that this cup was left as an heirloom to the house of Stewkey (or Stiffkey) in Norfolk, with which it passed to the Townshends at Raynham. The other cups were left to Redgrave in Suffolk and Gorhambury in Hertfordshire.

The gorgeous standing salt cellar lent by the Norwich Corporation, and hall marked in that city in 1568, was presented by "Petar Reade Esquiar." It is magnificently designed and an exceptionally well wrought example of Elizabethan plate, the repoussé work clean, the mouldings delicate. The Norwich Corporation also lends the Peter Peterson Cup (c. 1575), given by the maker to excuse himself from serving as sheriff. From the Church of St. Peter Mancroft in Norwich comes, incidentally, a pre-Reformation cup or chalice of exceptional beauty (1543), the cover surmounted by the figure of a Roman soldier.

Another fine salt cellar, illustrated herewith, and of c. 1580, is a typical example of Elizabethan craftsmanship at its best. The architectural treatment well suits its purpose. A simultaneous tendency, produced by the



6.—BEAKER, 1496-97. Height 3½ins.



7.—THE BACON CUP, 1573. Height 11½ins.



8.—TEAPOT, c. 1675. Silver-gilt. Height 5½ins.

increasing popularity of Augsburg work, and the imitation of Flemish designs, had a bad influence on English taste. The "Stoneyhurst Salt" (1577), with its crystal stem and encrustation of semi-precious stones, is astonishing, but scarcely beautiful. The reign of James I produced some of the most ornate work ever made, a remarkable example of it being a dish of mother-of-pearl and strapwork that is to be exhibited. The accession of Charles I coincided with a taste for more simple design, well represented in the exhibition by several standing cups, a pattern of singular grace and charm. In the Commonwealth simplicity was yet more sought, the graceful lobed porringer of c. 1650 being exceptionally ornate for its date. It is also a very early example of its pattern, to become so popular in the next reign when hot possets and caudles demanded silver and even gold cups, often of great richness: One of the finest of these is a gold melon-shaped porringer marked for 1675, lent by Lord Conyers.

The reign of Charles II is, perhaps, the most attractive age of English silver craft, as it was certainly the most profuse. The famous silver-covered furniture from Knole will be exhibited, together with great scent jars of embossed work, tankards and a variety of cups. One of the most interesting of these is the "Fire of London Tankard," one of the four known to have been given on the instructions of Charles II for services rendered in the emergency. This one, engraved with scenes of the catastrophe, was presented to the unfortunate Sir Edmund

Berry Godfrey, whose murder initiated a crisis in the history of the period.

Two exceptional objects are a two-handled tankard with a two-leaved lid, hall marked 1694—a piece of heroic proportions and most attractive design—and what is, perhaps, the earliest known silver teapot. The maker's mark is that of Sir Richard Hoare. Towards the end of his life he was Lord Mayor of London (1713). But he was marking plate as early as 1675. If this pot is as early as that, it antedates considerably the pot of similar form and ornament made by Benjamin Pyne c. 1690. Moreover, it is distinct from the tall coffee-pot shape which seems to have served at first for the preparation of tea, pots of which type are known of about 1670.

In Queen Anne and Georgian plate, particularly in the work of Paul Lamerie, the exhibition is very rich. Several toilet sets have been lent by the Duke of Devonshire and the Earl of Ancaster. A group of gold racing cups lent by the Earl of Yarborough and others will be of interest, not only for the early days of Newmarket and Bramham Moor that they commemorate, but in contrast to the uninteresting designs for modern racing cups. A gorgeous section of the exhibition will be that devoted to historic orders and decorations, and some interesting pieces have been lent by H.M. The Queen, several of them from the famous Cumberland collection.

## FLAGS

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

IMAGINE that anybody who is not hopelessly prosaic, unromantic and grown-up has in his heart a feeling for flags. I, at any rate, have always thought them the most beautiful and romantic things in the world, ever since I used to study the page of "Flags of All Nations" in the big atlas on the whatnot behind the piano in the drawing-room at home. Consequently, when I was invited, the other day, to play in a "Flag Competition" I accepted with alacrity, although I was in the situation of Mr. Micawber, who, when singing "Auld Lang Syne," was "not precisely aware what gowans may be." I was not precisely aware in what the competition consisted, but I knew it was to be a mixed foursome, the sun was shining divinely—it was at Pau—and it sounded "all very capital."

Having now taken part in a flag competition with an admirable partner and having come in third, I am of opinion that it is quite a good kind of competition, but something of a fraud, since, except for one rather exciting moment at the end, it is very much like an ordinary medal round. There may be a few people, as ignorant as I was, who do not know how it is played; therefore I will explain. The scratch score of the Pau course is 72, which is, incidentally, a very fierce one. My partner and I had a handicap of eighteen between us. We were allowed three-quarters of this, which amounted to thirteen and a half—that is to say, fourteen. Therefore, we were allowed 86 strokes in which to get as far as we could. Where the ball came to rest on our eighty-sixth shot there our flag must be planted. If, after completing the round, we had still some strokes left, we must begin again at the nineteenth hole and plant our flag as far forward as possible.

It will be seen that the real excitement can only begin about the eighteenth hole, but in our case there was one other subsidiary excitement. It chanced that we played behind the four slowest players that ever were seen—a strong statement, but not too strong for the facts. As we waited and waited and sat down in despair, and thought that they really never would finish putting, we had the consolation of reflecting that they must soon use up all their strokes and the thrill of wondering where they would plant their banners and die. With any luck, we should get at least three holes at the end of the round when they had finished their wild and headlong career.

In the ordinary way, however, the thing to do is to plod along, playing an ordinary medal round and thinking as little about flags as possible. Sometimes, of course, the painful subject will obtrude itself. For example, the couple that played with us had to get round in 83 strokes. On the way out, through various mischances, they took a ten at one hole and an eleven at another. Their score for the first nine holes was, consequently, fifty-five, and arithmetic showed that they

had to come home in twenty-eight. For them the question of flag-planting soon became a painfully urgent one. Four gone, then a horrible six to make it ten, then a five—nothing but ones and twos were of any use to them, and they could not contrive to do any ones, even at the short holes. In fact, when they teed up for the fifteenth hole they had only five strokes left. Determined to sell their lives dearly, they got a good four at that fifteenth, and then hit their tee shot on to the sixteenth green. It may be said, therefore, that nothing in their round became them like the ending of it. I wish the same could be said of my partner and myself; but, with victory almost in sight, we crashed badly towards the end and could do no better than to leave our standard in the neighbourhood of the last green. One flag was actually in the eighteenth hole, and the winning one was some little way down the nineteenth fairway. The winners had just that one shot to spare, and it must have been a palpitating moment for them as they stood upon the nineteenth tee, because it is possible, though difficult, to slice out of bounds from the first tee at Pau. However, they played well away to the left and scooped the ball, with iron nerve, to safety and triumph.

By the way, though it is not very closely related to my subject, those who know Pau may be interested to hear that there is a new golf course being made some five kilometres or so out of the town on the road to Buiros. This is the enterprise of a syndicate, said to be of fabulous wealth, who have had much to do with the rise of Deauville to glory, and seem to have something of the same kind intentions towards Pau. They have already renovated and made gorgeous the Casino, and now they have started on this golf course. It is yet in so early a stage that it would be rash to say much about it. It is in a pretty, quiet spot, with an old white farm that will, no doubt, be converted into an engaging club-house, and—of course—lovely views of the snowy Pyrenees. The soil seems to be of a peaty character, but I am not learned in these matters, and at present there is little to be seen but ploughed land, except where the contours of the greens are beginning to take shape. The ground is flat and, except for one or two little strips of woodland, nature has not done much to help; there are none of those rushing streams, whirling the ball away to Bayonne, which make golf on the Plaine de Billères so dramatic. I have no doubt, however, that, by working hard and spending plenty of money, the syndicate will make a golf course there, and even quite a difficult and up-to-date one. It will be tolerably long, it will be well bunkered, it will radiate in two circles of nine holes from that pleasant old farmhouse, in the approved modern fashion. Still, if I am allowed to do so, I think I shall still slice my ball into the Gave de Pau on the old course and continue to call Heaven to witness that my putt ought to have gone in on its rather singular greens.



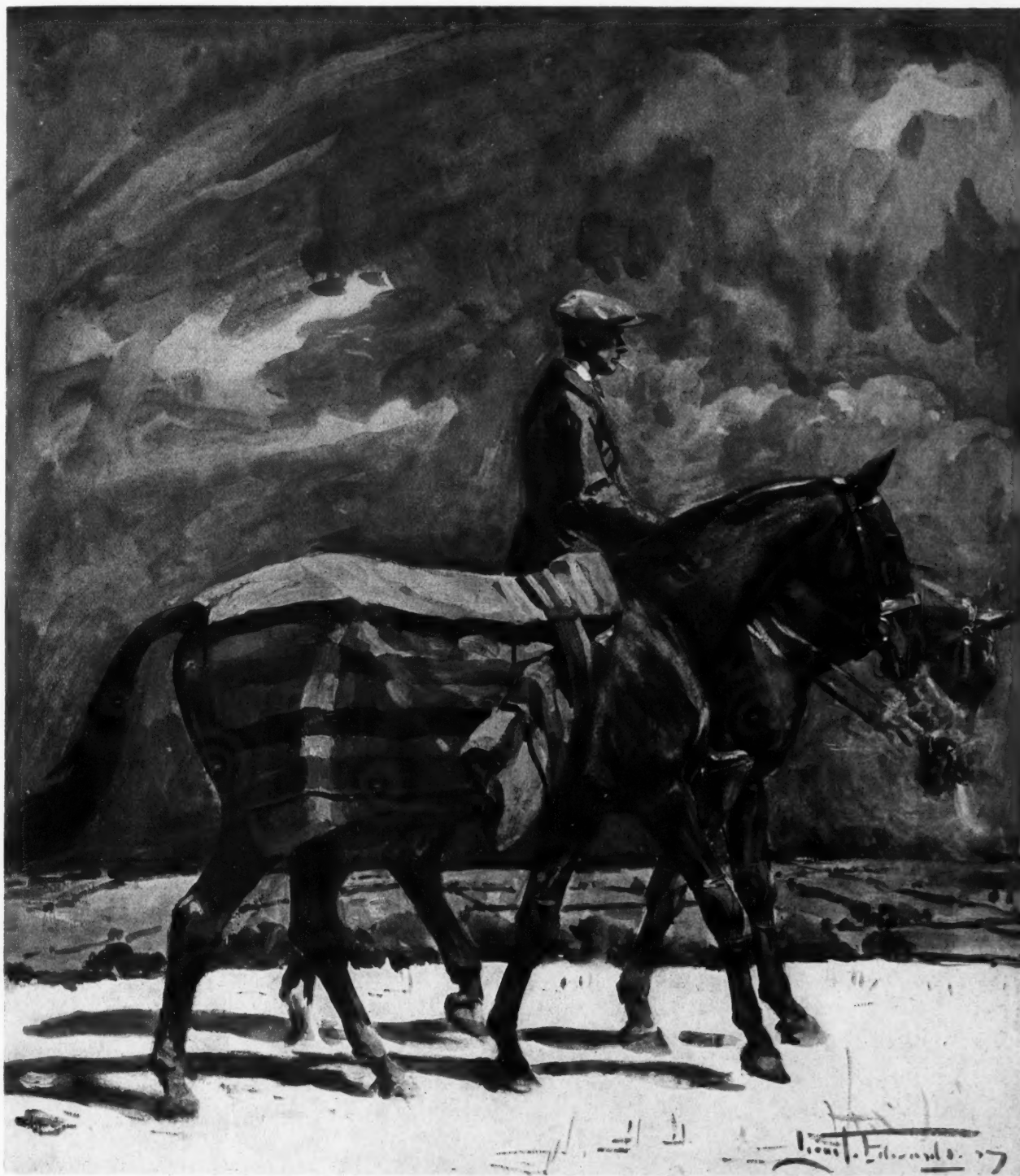
## "JUST ENOUGH SNOW"

**A**LATELY winter-bound countryside will agree that snow is one of those things of which man wants but little here below in England—nor wants that little long. In the countryside a little snow, like a dash of bitters in those cocktail-absorbing towns, goes, if not a long way, yet quite as far as it is required to go. If snow is the icing on our country cake, the most greedy, improvident child can't want twenty foot of icing on the cake.

But just a little snow is a blessing in the countryside. As is the tiresome way with blessings, this blessing of snow is, of

the lower strap of those knee-caps very much too tightly. But the horses seem happy enough about it—proudly conscious of the fact that, pictures in themselves, hunters at exercise give to the picture of our snow-wrapped countryside just that splash of life and colour which we want to see.

I suppose it really *is* better that we should only have just enough snow—just enough to give us only the sort of holiday which is said to be obtained by change of work? In theory we ought to get a much better holiday than that if the snow reached the twenty-foot-deep mark. In theory we should



From the painting by

A WINTER MORNING

Lionel Edwards.

course, a trifle too apt to come in disguise. It comes disguised as an infernal nuisance. It threatens to stop our country work and to stop our country play. But if only it will exercise a certain discretion in its falling, it will end by bringing a new beauty to our countryside: and if you require more solid compensation than that, it may end by giving you a holiday.

The snow has given a holiday (of sorts) to this exercising groom of Mr. Lionel Edwards' painting. In fact, I will note, in my sour way, that this exercising groom has become so much imbued with the care-free holiday spirit that he has buckled

then all retire to the library (to each man his library) and read all the books we've got no time for now, before a blazing fire. And in theory, being unable to go abroad and work, for so long as the snow lasted we should only come out of that library at dinner-time and such times. And at dinner there would be a bottle of that claret with the green seal.

Where that claret *came* from—I could never make out; nor why there were only five bottles of it when we chanced upon it at the last. I think, myself— But it is no use inventing theories about that green-sealed claret *now*. CRASCREDO.

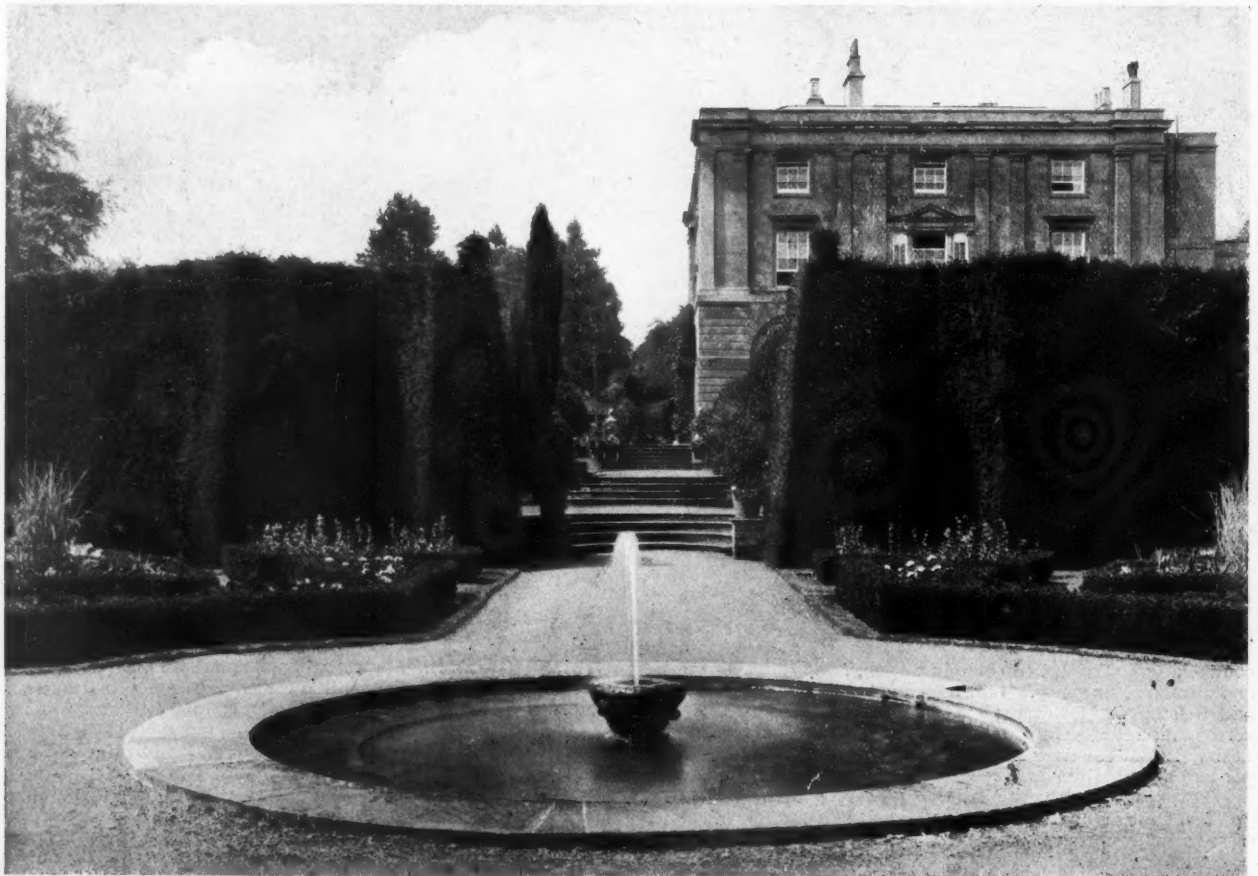


*The new gardens, designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, were begun in 1901, and adjoin the house built from James Wyatt's plans in 1788.*

THE man who must be recognised as the creator of Ammerdown is Thomas Samuel Jolliffe, one of those fairly enlightened, fairly wealthy landowners of the type produced in plenty at the close of the eighteenth century, who yet aspired to no higher rank than squire. A younger son of John Jolliffe of Petersfield, he became possessed of property in these parts by his marriage with Anne, the only child of the Rev. Robert Twyford, who lived at Charlton, the other side of Kilmersdon, both near Frome. When his mother-in-law died in 1788, Thomas Samuel immediately set about building a new house in open down country, which his zest for agriculture and the picturesque transformed into stone-walled fields and a singularly beautiful park complete with deer. A generation after his death, when the oak woods hanging on the ridge that shelters the homestead from the north were sixty years old or so, and families had grown up in the farms he had created out of bleak waste, his children erected a column to his memory, overlooking the fair scene he had created. It is a curious object, more like a lighthouse or a very big candlestick than a column, surmounted by a cage ornamented with stained glass, from which such similar monuments as the towers of Fonthill, Stourhead and Bowood might, on a clear day and by the imaginative eye, be descried. About its base was grouped a colony of artificial stone deities, many of which have since emigrated down the hill to the new yew garden; and on its

base, in English, Latin and French, are inscribed the virtues of the gentleman it commemorates, in ornamental terms that we should not allow to obscure his real worth. Indeed, to pass from one translation to another of the eulogy is like hearing the variations of the melody of a fugue. "Thomas Samuel Jolliffe, Lord of the adjacent Hundreds of Kilmersdon and Wellow," says the column, "in every relation of life, in the senate and on the seat of justice, in exercising the peculiar rights and in discharging the various duties, of an extensive landholder, conciliated the regard and esteem of an affluent and intelligent district. To HIM who reclaimed the surrounding lands from their original wild and sterile condition, (*qui a su mettre fin a l'état de stérilité*) [*qui agros circumagentes ab aspera et dura conditione ad bonas fruges perduxit*], who clothed them with fertility and verdure and embellished them with tasteful and ornamental decorations [*qui viriditatem herbescentem ex semine elicit*], his descendants, with feelings of profound and grateful affection, dedicate this column."

The house that James Wyatt designed in 1788 stood, conformably to the taste of the period, in the open park. It was possible to feed the deer from the dining-room window. South and east the windows looked across and up an ideally landscaped valley, and a walled garden lay on the same southern slope as the house, but a short distance off. In the centre of this garden's south wall was a small stone orangery with five



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1.—LOOKING WEST UP THE MAIN AXIS OF THE YEW GARDEN.

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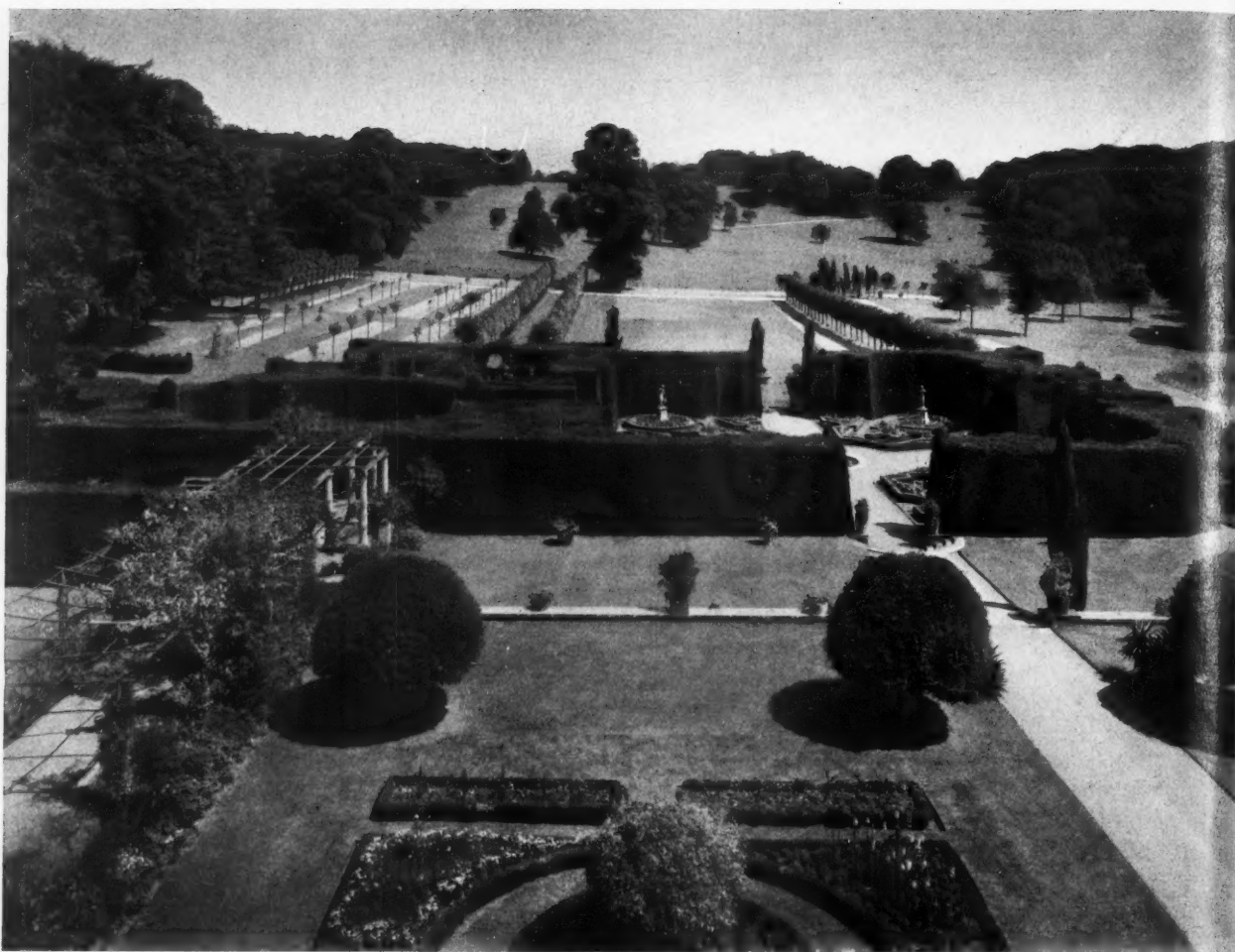




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2.—THE SOUTH CURVES OF THE CIRCULAR YEW GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

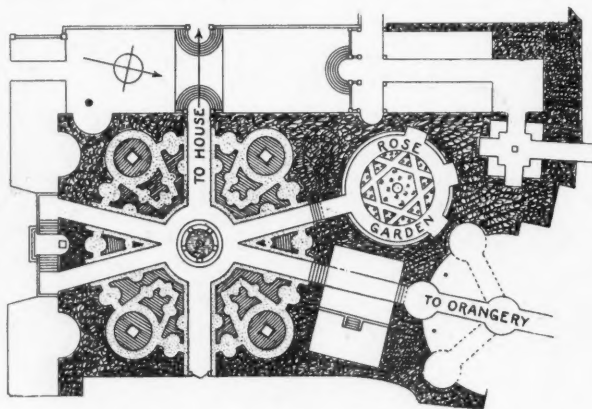


Copyright. 3.—THE YEW GARDENS, LOOKING EAST, FROM THE UPPER WINDOWS OF THE HOUSE. "C.L."

round-headed windows. In the middle of last century a strip of garden with a ha-ha was interposed between house, orangery and park, the extent of which is marked in Fig. 3 by the stone parapet. But it remained for the present Lord and Lady Hylton to form the first "pleasure grounds" that Ammerdown had seen. The place for this operation had obviously to be in that square of park overlooked by the house from the west and the orangery from the north.

The nature of the new gardens was happily decided by the choice of an Italian Renaissance type. The refined and restrained classicism of Wyatt's elevations had never looked right in the "natural" setting on which the taste of the period had imposed it. The spacious lines and massive architecture of yew that now adjoin it bring out the best qualities of the building and compensate for its potential defect—a certain insipidity. The view of the house over the yew hedges (Fig. 1), with here and there a true Italian cypress, and a gradual ascent of steps flanked by big earthenware pots reproduces exactly the same harmonies that charm in a hundred villa gardens of Italy: the chord of deep green against flat grey stone, the repetition of delicate architecture more massively in the greenery, the large, dignified simplicity. It would be difficult to cite another house of the style and period of Ammerdown where gardens have been added with such a true understanding of the architectural requirements. A good many conjectural restorations have been made of formal gardens swept away by the "landscapers"; but classic houses have rarely been lucky enough to receive classic gardens at the hand of later generations.

Two factors complicated the problem of lay-out. The first, and less important, was that the east front of the house, though of three bays, lacks a dramatic centre. There is no east entrance to the house, so the main approach to the projected garden had to be by a walk along the south façade. The line of this walk was accordingly made the east and west axis of the lay-out.



4.—PLAN OF THE YEW GARDENS.

The second factor was that the orangery to the north of the area did not lie parallel with this axis, but slightly askew. The problem was how to conceal the fact that the north-south axis, leading up to the orangery, did not cut the east-west axis at right angles. Sir (then Mr.) Edwin Lutyens had recourse to the unfailing solution of this kind of difficulty: a rotunda with six instead of four entrances, two false entrances balancing those on the actual north-south axis. The two southern entrances (Fig. 2) both give on to the same flight of steps descending to the wild garden and lake. The "false" north entrance gives into the rose garden—another, smaller, circular enclosure. It takes an unusually sharp eye, once it is in the main rotunda, to spot the deception, and, when it does, it is all the more delighted with the ingenuity.

The most surprising thing, to most visitors, is that the yew hedges are scarcely twenty-five years old. They are splendidly grown and already some twelve feet high, bushy from top to bottom. The enclosure which I have called the rotunda actually approximates to a square, four deep semi-circular bays biting into the periphery of the circle. In each of these one of Thomas Samuel Jolliffe's artificial stone deities, set on a concrete plinth made by the Wharf Lane Concrete Company, Ilminster, watches over a knot of box and grass edges enclosing neat parcels of flowers. It should be noted that the grass is kept away from the roots of the box by a distinct interval, as much for the health of the box as for the resulting cleanliness of line. Also the level of the beds is some six inches above the external base of the box enclosures.

This frame of cool, rich green is filled in predominantly with scarlet, provided by geraniums and zinnias, gladioli and begonias in succession, with the scarlet mignon Dahlia Coltness Gem at the base of the statues. With the exception, perhaps, of the gladioli, these flowers are all suited, by their conventional forms, to a formal setting.





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5.—ACROSS THE YEW GARDEN, FROM SOUTH TO NORTH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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6.—THE EASTERN SEGMENT OF THE YEW GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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7.—THE GATE TO THE LAWNS.

"C.L."

The compact mignon dahlia, in particular, looks like the generalised "flower" grasped in the hand of a court card personage. Though the flowers of the gladioli are natural enough, their fresh green spears suit the linear setting. The grey of the statues is threaded through the beds with strips of artemisia and a few clumps of a tall grass. The silver foliage of artemisia has the property of reflecting something of the sky. At times it is of an unearthly white, and on some hot summer evenings it seems to turn steely blue as mysteriously as do snow mountains under certain conditions of the clouds.

The rose garden (Figs. 9 and 10), scooped out of the rising ground north of the rotunda, has a dry retaining wall at the base of its yew cliffs. Opposite the entrance is a recessed seat whence you look down the vista towards the wooded lake. The feathery grey clothes of the retaining wall are a soft frame for the pink and white of the floor—pink *Geranium Clorinda* and polyantha roses, and masses of that old white rose *Felicité*

Perpetuelle, of which the clouds of little buds are as sweet as its clusters of unpretentious blossom. The astrolabe in the centre, with its intersecting metal hoops, epitomises this circular bower with its little intersecting paths.

Continuing the east-west axis away from the house, we find a pair of seventeenth century grey piers brought from elsewhere (Fig. 7). They give entrance to a level lawn flanked by pleached limes. Sweet in summer, quick to obey at all times, limes are no less admirable in winter when their switches are dipped in cochineal. North of the lawn, and separated from it by a pleached alley, is a young orchard, through which one can come to the walled garden that will be described next week.

Below the yew garden runs another broad walk from east to west, terminated at its western end by six pylons of *Cupressus macrocarpa* (Fig. 12), linked on the north and at the end by curtains of yew, and enshrining a Mercury. Here, as everywhere else in Sir Edwin Lutyens' design, there is admirable simplicity



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8.—SCARLET DAHLIA COLTNESS GEM, ARTEMISIA AND ZINNIAS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





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9.—THE ASTROLABE IN THE ROSE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



10.—THE ROSE GARDEN: PINK GERANIUMS AND POLYANTHA ROSES, WHITE ROSE FELICITE PERPETUELLE.



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11.—THE PARK, FROM NEAR BY THE COLUMN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and economy of means. These yew gardens must be accounted one of his outstanding successes in garden design, untroubled, as they are, by the suspicion of quaintness that intrudes in some of his gardens, or the equally present danger of over-elaboration

that threatens every architect-gardener. In Lady Hylton, however, Sir Edwin found a client who is not only a gardener, but an artist, so it is not surprising that the result of their co-operation is so good.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.



Copyright.

12.—PYLONS OF CUPRESSUS MACROCARPA.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



# NOVELISTS WHO KNOW THEIR CRAFT

Like *Shadows on the Wall*, by W. B. Maxwell. (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.)

*Farthing Hall*, by Hugh Walpole and J. B. Priestley. (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.)

*The Village Doctor*, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. (Cassell, 7s. 6d.)

IT is something of a relief in these days, when there is so much weltering in new writers, to have before one for review three sound, established authors who know their craft and exercise it. This does not necessarily reflect upon the new writers, some of whom have achieved with a first or second novel really brilliant work; nor does it mean that one opens the new book of an established author without any critical feeling, or any certainty of being enthralled. But there is that certainty of finding no slipshod or haphazard method, no immature or violent judgment, no striving to outdo one another in daring or "newness"; and a comfortable feeling that here, at least, one will not find that clamouring hope of achieving, at any cost, a best seller.

The three—or, rather, four—writers whose books are before me have, perhaps, only this in common—they know their craft; they have a wide knowledge of men and women, a mature judgment on their actions and reactions. All are, perhaps, now on top of their form. Yet these three books are as diverse in method, in subject, in treatment, as it is possible to be.

In *Like Shadows on the Wall*, Mr. W. B. Maxwell has chosen to exploit again his knowledge of the lower depths of humanity in a series of short stories, strung together only on the thread of being one and all studies of the outcast, the enemy of society; very brilliant, deeply interesting, dispassionate studies they are, too. Each story treats of a different type, and throughout the long book the type never repeats itself. The men and women, criminals or outcasts though they be, are human beings first and foremost. Their story matters. Their motives matter. There is, in many of the tales, the pity, the terror and sometimes the beauty that we are told constitutes the true tragedy; and in many of them, also, is an ironic humour. "In the Lions' Den," "Not According to Plan" and "In Charge" are really amusing. But the pathos predominates—the pathos of the men and women to whom crime is a matter of course, environment, circumstance, with the begging lie and simple pocket-picking at the bottom of the profession, and cunning robbery with murder at the top, and a whole gamut of evil between: the adoption of crime as a profession as you or I might adopt chartered accountancy or drop into novel-writing. We have had lately, perhaps, a plethora of novels about criminals, but here the telling of the tales, without exaggeration, almost without comment, is in the hands of a master craftsman.

The second book, *Farthing Hall*, is in the joint authorship of Hugh Walpole and J. B. Priestley, and it is interesting to decide how much may be attributed to either of these two able exponents of the art of writing. The form they have chosen in which to tell a quite interesting, if somewhat slight, tale is highly civilised—that of letters of two men to each other while each was undergoing a separate spiritual and physical adventure. How the separate adventures meet and amalgamate, and the ludicrously humorous solution, may be somewhat far-fetched, but, again, it is the craftsmanship that counts, and there is a lot of amusement and some very fine writing to be found in the course of the correspondence. One of the letter-writers is a young artist in the throes of an adventurous love-at-first-sight affair which takes him headlong to the wilds of the Cumberland hills, a sinister, remote house, an atmosphere—largely due to his own fevered imagination—of fear, horror, desperation. The other man, his friend, at the same time is experiencing an upheaval of his hitherto happy, if accepted, married life, owing to the intrusion of a humorously awful female who goes in for Higher Thought. Each pours out his soul in the letters by way of letting off steam, and the clever part of the book lies—apart from the writing, the suggestion of atmosphere, the character study, expected of these authors—in the point of view from which each regards the other's adventure, and the different impression made on each by the same characters. It is a *tour de force* as much as a good novel, and well worthy of both writers.

Lastly, we come to a writer of a very different calibre. In *The Village Doctor* Sheila Kaye-Smith returns to the farming folk and the countryside she knows so well and portrays with such deep feeling. She has, by now, reduced her art to a very fine simplicity, and it is in writing of what she knows so intimately that her work reaches its highest level. This tale of a young country doctor in the latter half of last century is as simple and unexciting a theme as any writer could choose. A young man arrives from London in a remote and neglected country

parish; he sets about his task of healing, of breaking down prejudice, of struggling with the authorities for better sanitation and water supply; he feels the need of a wife, a little relaxation, some of his own kind to talk to; there is nothing but the farmers and the peasants. At last he chooses a wife from the yeoman-farmer class—a girl educated above her station, with pretensions to gentility; she marries him for position, although her passionate love is given to a wild young farmer; the marriage is all but wrecked at the same time as the long-expected fever epidemic breaks out. Somehow, the young doctor pulls through both the epidemic and his wife's defalcation. That is all the theme, yet Sheila Kaye-Smith makes of it a fine book. Again it is the craftsman working with tools edged and sharpened and tempered to the theme in perfection. The doctor, in his simple devotion to his job, his unswervingly loyal love to the woman he has chosen, his coming through of the ordeal of her faithlessness, is a humble human being—humanity at its best, and is a character firmly and beautifully drawn. The girl is a more difficult proposition, with her smattering of education and the blood of the soil breaking through both to her detriment and her redemption. Here is her portrait:

She had been to a ladies' school—she had read the novels of Dickens, and Miss Martineau and Miss Opie and Mrs. Gaskell, and though she no longer read them, she still thought she liked them. She had been taught deportment and elegant ways, and still practised them when she remembered. She had acquired soft tastes for pretty clothes and thin china and drawing-room carpets all over flowers and lozenges—she had learned to despise her father's farm, his yeoman pride and to think her father commonplace. But dressed in all this, as in a useless gown, she walked in peasant ways—in a fundamental reverence for the practical and contempt for the romantic, in a blind intuition that showed her what her intellect denied, and in an awful patience and unrelenting purpose that were bound to give her what she wanted in the end.

To this character Sheila Kaye-Smith bends all her powers of merciless penetration combined with a sympathetic understanding, and if her Laura cannot evoke our sympathy, she at least becomes a very real person. What the author does not show us is that the girl had any charm or redeeming quality that would have justified the young doctor's unswerving devotion; it is just a brilliant portrait of a good-for-nothing little snob—and it is not clear whether her final victory over her passion is due to the good yeoman blood or the veneer of education.

But it is in the telling of the story that the craftsmanship shows, and in this deep, quiet, straightforward picture of the countryside in the 'seventies Sheila Kaye-Smith has achieved a very fine, simple tale.

STELLA CALLAGHAN.

*An Introduction to Dutch Art*, by R. H. Wilenski. (Faber and Gwyer, 25s.)

THIS book, timed to synchronise with the Dutch Exhibition, shows plain traces of hasty production. It is lavishly illustrated, but the numbering of the plates is so astonishingly careless that it is often difficult to follow the author's references. The aim is to provide a general survey of Dutch painting, treating it in all its more important aspects, and not forgetting the "Romanists," such as Cornelis of Haarlem, Bloemaert, Lastman or Jan Pynas, who cannot be studied either in the Exhibition or the National Gallery. For an understanding of his views it would appear that frequent reference to Mr. Wilenski's book, "The Modern Movement in Art," is necessary, judging by the number of times the reader is reminded of it. A modicum of aesthetics is combined with an historical outline (mainly derived from the inevitable Motley), an account of social conditions and skeleton biographies of the artists discussed. The manner is almost excessively popular (the reader is "gentle"), while in treating of the painters of "Gay Life," Mr. Wilenski shows a breezy determination to call a spade a spade. Perhaps because it is difficult to strike the desired note in sound English, there are some highly original sentences. In one we learn that Terborch was taken by the Conde de Penaranda to Spain, and "there he met and saw the pictures of Velasquez, and is said to have painted the King." We shall be surprised if the "students" and "scholars" so often addressed in Mr. Wilenski's pages are content with such slovenly writing. Still, a little relaxation may be owing to them after their laborious researches, and they will be amused to learn how certain famous historical personages were accustomed to behave. It is suggested that Charles I, of all unlikely people, is the cavalier represented in Pot's "Startling Introduction," "introducing himself to a lady into whose apartment he has entered by the chimney"! After that a few novel attributions are no great matter. But the book contains much acute criticism, while the author's insistence upon the importance of architectural form is a wholesome corrective to the admiration for mere representational cleverness which plays so great a part in the public's enthusiasm for Dutch art. Judged by the architectural test, that is by his appreciation of form, even Terborch is a trivial painter—as a craftsman he is superb.

R. E.

*Midsummer Night*, by John Masefield. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.)

IN *Midsummer Night* Mr. Masefield threads his way in and out of the main body of Arthurian legend and poetry, dotting an "i" here, crossing a "t" there, adding a graceful arabesque of verse on the margin of a tale somewhere else. It is all the skilled work of a master craftsman, interesting, sometimes exciting (as in "The Fight on the

Wall," where Lancelot's strength is as the strength of ten or more, and his cause as just as Mr. Masfield can contrive to make it for him). Sometimes, too, a poem has what Mr. Humbert Wolfe has called "the aeroplane touch," when "thought lifts from the ground and flies." Yet, taken in the mass, it is this aeroplane touch, modern equivalent for the old sacred fire, that we miss in the poems. We miss it all the more because occasionally we get it, and so are reminded of what Mr. Masfield can give us when the stars are propitious. We get it, for instance, in the first word of

"Lime-blossom Gwenivere, the red-gold queen,"  
and in a line of "The Death of Lancelot," as told by Gwenivere:  
"Death cannot make so great a fire drowse,  
What though I broke both nun's and marriage vows,  
April will out, however hard the boughs."

On the whole, however, we cannot escape the impression that this is the sort of poetry that a poet writes while he is marking time—while he is awaiting the next arrival of the celestial aeroplane. V. H. F.

**The True Heart**, by Sylvia Townsend Warner. (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.)

I HAVE come to the conclusion—I hope Miss Sylvia Townsend Warner will not think it rude of me to say so—that the author of this book is really a fairy. She is not a good fairy, or how should she know so much about the devil as she confessed to in "Lolly Willowses"? But, after all, are not goodness and badness absurd words to bandy about where fairies are concerned? The little people surely are not troubled with morality as we are, and that, I think—I hope it is not a libellous way of thinking—explains Miss Warner. She has fashioned here a mid-Victorian fairy tale—ugly and sordid in places, but a fairy tale for all that—of a female orphan in an orphanage who became a servant-maid and fell in love with an idiot and, separated from him, steadfastly worked her way back to his side, going even to the length of interviewing Queen Victoria, and finally married him, to become the happy mother of his child, on the last page. To anyone but a fairy a marriage with an idiot, so far from constituting a happy ending, might seem a terribly bad beginning, but Miss Warner's magic, while you read, deprives you of any such twentieth century and eugenic scruples. Wholeheartedly you long for little Sukey Bond, true heart if ever a true heart beat, to be united with her whimsical, hapless—happy Eric; their love story is a crazy idyl of ignorant youth, and, somehow, rarely beautiful. The book is full of lovely little phrases, descriptions, imaginings, that enchant you; of incidents such as Sukey's first walk with Eric, her ride to Covent Garden or her visit to Buckingham Palace, which shine out with the perfection and small self-contained completeness of something reflected in a silver ball from a Christmas tree. At times Sukey's thoughts seem to be too much like what one might expect of a novelist of to-day rather than a maidservant of the 1870's, but that is unimportant, for this is a fairy book which must be accepted on its own plane. S.

**The Three Couriers**, by Compton Mackenzie. (Casell, 7s. 6d.)  
MOST novels about the Secret Service are sensational affairs, and the writers of them are joyously unhampered by any personal knowledge of actual conditions in the Service. Mr. Compton Mackenzie, during the War, acquired this knowledge, and here puts it to good account. Yet we are almost tempted to say that, for the purposes of fiction, he knows too much. His Commander Waterlow, a naval man longing for the sea and condemned to the Secret Service, certainly leads a convincing life of mingled routine, discomfort, irritation, boredom, humour, hope and disappointment in a "city of South-east Europe some time round about the second anniversary of the war;" but we somehow feel entitled to a little more than we get in the way of thrills. It is hard to be persuaded so authoritatively that there are few more thrills in the Secret Service than anywhere else in life. Three times Waterlow tries to intercept, on its way to Germany, revealing correspondence from a neutral country. Twice he fails; the third time,

when he succeeds, official dilatoriness and red tape rob him of any fruits of victory. However, we get plenty of fun out of Crowder, Waterlow's second in command, and out of his band of comic and incompetent henchmen. There is scope for the author's wit in dialogue, and humour in description. Here is an example of the latter, taken from a passage about an Italian Military Attaché: "Like most Italian officers, he wore his uniform as if it belonged to him, and not like so many French officers as if he had borrowed it from a friend; and he wore his mufti as if that belonged to him too, and not like so many German officers as if he had inherited it from his father." We shut the book with mixed feelings. For, though we may be sadder about the Secret Service than we expected to be, we are certainly wiser, too.

**A Mirror for Witches**, by Esther Forbes. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.)

THIS is the story of a witch from the witch's point of view, set in its own contemporary surroundings of seventeenth century superstition. The effect is novel and interesting. We see Doll Bilby, in public opinion condemned from birth since her mother was a witch, gradually yielding to her own imagination and to the suggestion of those about her. For a long time she struggles to be a good Christian, but eventually she finds the god which her strange fantastic spirit needs; it is not the same as that of her neighbours, and so contemporary learning teaches her that he must be the Devil. Nevertheless, he is her god, and she sets out to do evil in a spirit of worship. But the author will not allow us to be purely rational in our interpretation of her story. She wraps it about too closely in superstition, and assumes throughout the solemn tones of one of Doll's bigoted contemporaries. Her disguise, however, is patent, and herein lies the fault of her book, for her modern soul is never completely hidden by its would-be seventeenth century covering, and all the time it lends an uncouth mocking accent to her voice, which jars, coming between us and her characters. If she had been content to accept the chattering world of ignorant men and women which surrounded Doll Bilby, as she has accepted the witch herself, and to have taken for granted our sense of the ridiculous and the impossible, her book would have been far more telling.

**Enter Sir John**, by Clemence Dane and Helen Simpson. (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.)

MR. C. G. EVANS, the publisher, seems to have been the lucky owner of a good plot for a detective story and, what is even more wonderful, to have been inspired to invite two such accomplished writers as Miss Clemence Dane and Miss Helen Simpson to make a book of it. The outcome is *Enter Sir John*, a murder mystery among stage folk; a good mystery well told, in which the characters are alive and individual, and Sir John, the amateur detective, not too impossibly clever or fortunate. The story opens at a Welsh colliery town, where a member of a travelling theatrical company is found murdered in the lodgings of another woman member, Martella Baring. Everything points to Martella's guilt, and she is tried and sentenced to death—then enter Sir John Saumarez, né Simmonds, the great actor-manager, who, on the impulse of the moment, sets himself the task of proving her innocence, and achieves it. Sir John's criminal hunt is full of exciting moments, moments when a slip between cup and lip seems inevitable, wild pursuits and comic encounters with taxi-drivers and policemen. You follow him breathless with excitement. And, above all, Sir John, with his vanity and charm and kindness, is a real man and a delightful one.

#### A SELECTION FOR THE LIBRARY LIST.

RICHARD BURDON HALDANE, AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY (Hodder and Stoughton, 25s.); THE MEMOIRS OF RAYMOND POINCARÉ, Vol. III, (Heinemann, 21s.). Fiction—THE TRUE HEART, by Sylvia Townsend Warner (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.); THE SHEPHERD AND THE CHILD, by John Owen (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.); THE LADY OF LAWS, by Susanne Trantwein (Secker, 7s. 6d.).

## AT THE THEATRE

### A CRITICISM FOR HORSE LOVERS

NO, reader, there is no need to rub your eyes. Despite the accompanying illustrations, this article is by your dramatic critic, and, indeed, purports to be an account of "Fame," Sir Gerald du Maurier's new play at the St. James's Theatre. But, inasmuch as all the talk of the first act was of the horse and of the world as seen through his ears, it was only natural that my mind should go back to another Fame, the pony whose picture is here given. I first met this handsome little fellow at the Royal Show of 1911. He was rising three, and in the hand class for a long time stood second to Mr. James Agate's renowned Talke Princess, afterwards the dam of that Helen among ponies, Axholme Venus. At last a steward who had been agonising on one leg approached the judge and said, "You're wrong, sir, the second pony is Mr. Foster's." The change was duly made, it being a postulate of the pony world that William Foster could not be beaten. To this day I remember the remark which escaped the filly's owner. But Foster was a great man, although a Birmingham clothier, and he never showed anything but lovely stuff. Certainly as a youngster I would sooner have been Foster the Great in preference to Alexander. It was Foster who, with Fame and his full brother, Flame, first gave me that fever for the show ring which, in my case at least, exceeds all other fevers. To me, I hope a man of the theatre, the suspensions, climaxes, catastrophes, comedies, tragedies

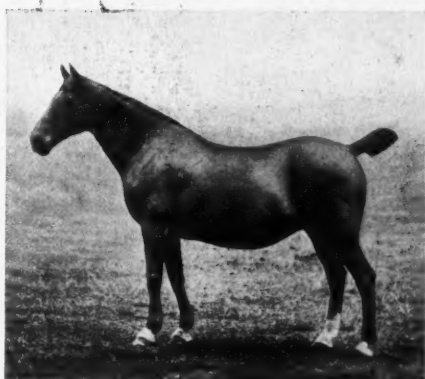
of the stage are infinitely less moving than those of the show ring and even of the auction floor. If I may be permitted to say so, the accounts of the sale of the Prince's hunters have brought me nearer to tears than can be compassed by any woeful drama of the boards. They reminded me of my own parting with a stableful of ponies, all in the finest flush and fettle, in a certain month in 1914. But everything in the sale ring is not tears. There are the moments of lucky triumph and there are the moments of sheer horror. Such a moment as when, at the dispersal sale of Foster's ponies and excited by Bauble's record price of 1,350 guineas, I made for Fire an opening bid of 400 guineas without a penny in my pocket and still less in the bank. I shall never forget those awful and protracted seconds and the relief when Mr. Bourne, of Bourne and Hollingsworth and Garston Manor, said, "and ten guineas more." When poor Bourne lay dying all his ponies were sold except Fame, who was pensioned off to end his days in the happy fields round Watford.

There are those to whom the smell of recognisable oranges mingled with the indescribable odour of the pit is the acme of happiness on earth. For me, the smell, the tread, almost the taste of the straw in the boxes at the Crewe repositories fulfil the same desideratum. My heart leaps to-day when, in train journeys, I approach Crewe, and sinks on leaving that, normally considered, loveless town, just as it rose and sank in the days when I went to the



theatre for pleasure, and for pleasure bought and sold horses at a loss. Crewe was ever the place for "screws"; rarely did any good thing come out of it. Things may have changed, but, in my day, three sound legs in four was considered remarkable. Yet it was at Crewe that Talke Princess was sold. Consider her history and whether it was not as dramatic as any stage-play. She was bought for 150 guineas and sold to a banker at Lille for 300 guineas. But the banker's little daughter, for whom Princess was bought, fell ill, and the mare left France for her old Derbyshire home on August 1st, 1914, the banker accepting 80 guineas. I make no scruple about recounting these prices. Price is not only the essence of a deal; it is the essence of the interest of a deal. At Crewe, in the following month, Princess fetched 75 guineas, the lucky purchaser being Mr. Henry Gilding, a wealthy Liverpool draper, but learned withal in matters concerning the horse. He mated Princess with Southworth Swell, the result of the union being Venus, the pony whose neck and head slipped from her shoulders as a jewel slides out of its case. At this sale Flare, once belonging to Foster, but at that time a stable mate of Talke Princess, was also disposed of. He was an upstanding, strong-limbed bay, and the auctioneer held a commission to buy him for the Army; but one of the famous Black brothers stepped in. Flare was afterwards sold to a Manchester baker, and when last I heard of him he was still, at the age of twenty-one, winning firsts at the Lancashire shows. But to go back to Princess. Is it not remarkable that, but for the illness of that French banker's daughter, Princess must have fallen to the Germans, and the peerless Venus would never have been born? For one spectator at least the emotions of the show ring have always meant more than the mimic dramas of the stage. My mind goes back to a certain Saturday morning in the Agricultural Hall at Islington, when, for what seemed an eternity, Kitty Melbourne did battle with Mel Valley's Bauble for the pony championship. Kitty was all fire and passion, Bauble was all poise and the perfection of effortless rhythm. In the end balance won, though the last spurts of the beaten mare were vowed unforgettable at the time and have never been forgotten. Once again, at Doncaster, the world seemed to stand still while Miss Freda made the greatest effort ever made to conquer the unconquerable Venus.

The passion of the horse lover for his and other people's horses exceeds that of the golfer for clubs and links, and even that of the fisherman for his exploits and yarns. No other hobby-horse is ridden so hard. It is recorded of the great hackney mare Ophelia that when she came down the village street, dying men raised their heads from their pillows to hear the one-two-three-four of her hoofs. Would dying fiddlers do as much for the four opening notes of the Beethoven Violin Concerto? After all, as somebody remarks in the play alleged to be under notice, a concerto is only a concerto, and when you've heard one you've heard the lot. I suppose that to musicians one horse is very much like another. Did they but know! In the foregoing I have dealt solely with the little ponies, the big Hackney being altogether beyond the scope



OPHELIA.

of a single page. Yet I give the reader my word, for the little it is worth, that I would sooner uncover a new Forest King than discover the original manuscript of "Twelfth Night" or "King Lear." The existing photographs of Forest King hardly do justice to the Emperor of harness horses. Therefore I give myself, and I hope my readers, the pleasure of reproducing a photograph of Black Capenor, showing what a great harness horse should be like. I judged him at Westerham Hill soon after the war, and I doubt whether Talma himself was a more impressive actor. The play at the St. James's Theatre is really a debate showing the points of view of a horseman and a fiddler. The reader knows by now which of the two has my vote. "Fame" makes an entertaining evening, and I apologise for the inadequacy of the foregoing, considered as dramatic criticism. My only hope is that readers of COUNTRY LIFE may not have been too greatly displeased by that which I have been constrained, in spite of myself, to substitute.

GEORGE WARRINGTON.

## THE PLAYBILL

### New Arrivals.

FAME.—*St. James's.*

"It has a sensation of felicity which only the well-bred can attain."  
—*La Bruyère.*

THE RUMOUR.—*Court.*

"It is not to be denied that often they talk at great length at the Court, but often, too, their talk is ingenious and informed."  
—*La Bruyère.*

FASHION.—*Kingsway.*

"This particular Fashion, we confess, rouses our enthusiasm."  
—*La Bruyère.*

BEAU GESTE.—*His Majesty's.*

"I do not understand why this spectacle, for all its splendid accessories yet has the power of thoroughly wearying me."  
—*La Bruyère.*

### Tried Favourites.

THE SACRED FLAME.—*Playhouse.*

"Men are the cause of women not loving each other."  
—*La Bruyère.*

BY CANDLE LIGHT.—*Prince of Wales.*

"A superficial, sparkling wit which is all the more esteemed because it is not deep."  
—*La Bruyère.*

THE LADY WITH A LAMP.—*Garrick.*

"I bend in admiration to those few women who are fine and wise."  
—*La Bruyère.*

HER SHOP.—*Criterion.*

"It is not so rare to meet with wit, as with people who make a good use of what wit they have of their own and who know how to bring out other people's."  
—*La Bruyère.*

LUCKY GIRL.—*London Pavilion.*

"There are some light and trifling circumstances of time which are unstable and which pass away."  
—*La Bruyère.*



MEL VALLEY'S FAME.



BLACK CAPENOR.

## THE PASSING of the LAST FRONTIER



THE TRAPPER AND HIS TEAM.

**S**IDE by side with modern Canada lies the last battleground in the long drawn out bitter contest between civilisation and the forces of nature. It is a land of shadows and hidden trails, lost rivers and unknown lakes, a region of soft-footed creatures going their noiseless ways over the carpet of moss, and there is silence, intense, absolute and all embracing. It is as though one walked on the bottom of a mighty ocean of silence, listening, waiting for some sound which must inevitably break it, but rarely does. Here the falling of a limb or the snapping of a twig are as startling as the crack of a rifle, and all nature seems to stand with bated breath, aghast at the profanity of the sound. And as the way-farer wends his way through this soundless maze many are the pairs of eyes turned on him, the furry ears pointed his way and sharp little snouts raised sniffing in his direction. He is continually undergoing the inspection of senses trained to a hair-trigger delicacy. If in tune with his surroundings, he is aware of it; yet, unless very skilful, or very lucky, he himself sees nothing, hears nothing. High over all tower the great spruces, their straight, grey boles standing all around in endless rows like columns in some ancient and deserted temple. Occasionally, when the strong woods are in the grip of winter and the snow gives back the pale glare of the Northern Lights where those who dance the Dance of the Deadmen perform their ghostly evolutions before the vast and solemn audience of spruce, the stillness is broken by the music of wolves. It comes, a low moaning, swelling in crescendo to a full volume of sound, slowly dying away in a sobbing wail across the empty solitudes, echoing from hill to hill, repetition after repetition, until the sound is lost in the immensity of immeasured distance—a sad, weird cry as of dumb creatures striving hopelessly to unburden their souls of the suffering, the hunger and the loneliness that is their lot. Should the traveller in these wilds chance to climb a high eminence and look around him, he will find that he is hemmed in on all sides, surrounded by apparently endless black forests of

spruce—stately trees, cathedral-like with their tall spires above and their gloomy aisles below. He will see them as far as the eye can reach, rank on rank, standing stiffly, yet gracefully, to attention; an innumerable host covering hill and valley and ridge, sweeping onward into the unknown distance, flowing in mass formation over all the face of the earth. This is the last grand army of the forest opposing a black impenetrable barrier to civilisation until they, too, shall fall before the march of progress, to be a burnt offering on the altar of the God of Mammon. There are rare ridges of birch and poplar, cheerful with their bright trunks and sunspotted leafy floor so familiar in the forests south of the Height of Land. Here are singing birds and partridges, and also the main routes of moose and bears in summer, their trails as well beaten as any portage and affording a never-failing guide to a lake or river. These are the Hills of the Whispering Leaves of the Indians, so called from the continuous subdued rustling of the poplar leaves, shivering and trembling at the lightest current of air, in contrast with the motionless foliage of the spruces which so monopolise the landscape. It is in such places, near a pleasant, sunny lake, or a cheerful, shouting creek, that the red men pitch their summer camps.

In places the forest dwindles down to small trees, which, giving way to the moss and sage brush, thin out and disappear altogether, giving place to one of those immense muskegs or swamps which make overland travel in the whole section of this territory almost impossible in the summer time. Moss stretches in every direction: moss in layers, moss in six-foot hummocks, moss in balls, flat, green, inviting-looking fields of yet more moss. These last are seemingly bottomless and constitute a real danger to man or beast, except the hardy moose, who by some unknown means is able to walk over such places unscathed. There are holes between hummocks, in spots, that are filled with noisome stagnant water and would engulf a man, yet the only good water to, perhaps, be found for miles is in



A TRAPPER'S WINTER HOME WITH DOUBLE ROOF.



just such places, to be obtained in the small pitcher plants which grow thickly, about the contents of an egg-cup in each.

The waterways are the lines of travel of not only men, but of mink and others, which go their rounds as regularly as any man. Farther back in the hills range fisher, marten and wolves in their never-ceasing hunt for meat to abate their hunger. In sheltered spots among heavy timber the

giant moose yards up in small herds, going no distance, but eating and sleeping alternately during the months of deep snow until spring thaws leave him free to wander back to his favourite haunts of lily ponds and marshes. The edges of frozen fens and marshlands and the shore lines of lakes provide a hunting ground for foxes and lynx, where live the snow-shoe rabbits and partridges, their prey. Back off main routes in lonely ponds and on dammed up streams in hidden gullies communities of beaver labour busily all the summer against the coming of winter, passing the cold, dead months as a reward for their prodigious labour well fed and in comfort and warmth. Here is the last stronghold of the trapper.

Although this country offers such resistance to overland travel during the short summer of this latitude, with the coming of winter, with its ice and snow, which are apt to cause increased hardships, if not actual privation in more settled areas, all these difficulties cease. Once the freeze comes and snowshoes can be used, generally early in November, a man may go where he will, moss, sage, brush and muskeg no longer retard progress. The gloomy forest becomes cheerful in its bright mantle of snow, the weight of which bears down the fan-like foliage of the evergreens, letting in the sunlight, and what once were shadowy corridors become avenues of light.

The trapper of to-day has no longer the menace of the hostile savage, but he is, in many ways, under infinitely greater difficulties than was the woodsman of an earlier day. At the time of the conquest of Canada, and until about fifty years ago, the land now under cultivation was covered with hardwood and pine forests, with little or no undergrowth or other impediments to retard the progress of a traveller. The woodsman of that period had the best of timber for manufacturing his equipment. In the North I once saw a party of Indians equipped



A CANADIAN LYNX.

with tamarac axe handles and poplar toboggans, the only timber they could find in that particular district, a condition of affairs about on a par with using wooden wheels on a locomotive or cardboard soles on boots. The woods in those days were full of red deer, a far more prolific animal than the moose, easier handled when killed, and with a much more useful hide. The old-time trapper had not far to go for his hunt once

settled in his district, and he had no competition whatsoever. The modern hunter has to go farther afield, sometimes not setting over three or four effective traps in a ten-mile line. The country so far north is more broken, the rivers rougher, the climate more severe, and the forest, in some places amounting to little more than a ragged jungle, offers resistance unknown to the traveller of earlier days. The pathfinder of to-day has steel traps, to be sure, and better firearms, but game is scarcer and harder to get at, except in very remote sections, yet even to-day the dead fall, the snare and the spear are extensively used. But the kind of man who follows the chase for a living remains the same; the spirit of adventure, the desire to penetrate far-away hidden spots, the urge to wander is there as it was in his prototype of two hundred years ago. This peculiarity of temperament, this restless voyaging disposition, is shared by all the wilderness dwellers. Indians are for ever changing present camping grounds for others differing in very few respects from the places they leave. All the animals that live in the forest pass most of their time getting from one place to another just like it, and the rest of it travelling through all kinds of difficulties past good feed to get to another locality in no way different. Movement is life in the bush, an escape from the deadly stagnation that must ensue from the constant view of a changless immovable prospect.

In the woods nothing can be obtained except by effort, sometimes very severe effort. You may own skins worth a small fortune, yet the fact obtains for you no respite from continuous labour. In civilisation, if you were to show your peltries, attention would be showered on you; you could buy for your needs. Deep in the forest exhaustion may be such that it were easier to lie down and sleep in a warm and comfortable-looking snow bank, and so sleep for ever, but you must struggle on. You may have injuries that cause you exquisite



THE END OF THE HUNT: TWO HOURS' STALKING PRECEDED THE TAKING OF THIS PHOTOGRAPH.



HIS FAVOURITE HAUNT.

torture with every move, but that fire must be lighted and camp of some kind made.

Not always is the trapper successful. Animals, at certain periods, are given to migrating, completely deserting their former range, leaving large districts barren of game. Rabbits die off about every seventh year, and the animals that feed on them, which includes nearly everything that eats flesh, move sometimes hundreds of miles, lock, stock and barrel, and the hunter who found what was a good hunting ground when visited on an exploration trip finds himself caught in a section where he is hard put to it to make his expenses. There are spots where the Indians will not hunt, places where the Medicine Spirits hold sway, where the May-may-give (mischievous bush fairies) spring traps and tangles the traveller's footsteps, or where the Windego (a flesh-eating half-human creature that scours the Babe shores looking for those who sleep carelessly without a fire, whom he carries away and eats) makes sleeping out on the shores of any lake a thing of terror. Districts where Indians have drowned under mysterious circumstances are also avoided. Fortunate indeed is the trapper who locates in such a hunting ground. I hunted one ground of that description, and did well in the same place for seven years; then a bunch of Indians

from below the Height of Land, who hold no such superstitions, came up and cleaned out my carefully farmed territory in one spring hunt. There are fat years and lean years in the bush. Some seasons small animals, such as weasels, rabbits, mice, etc., increase till they become a plague. Rabbits, when plentiful, will destroy anything overnight that has been touched by the hands for the sake of the salty taste. But as recompense for the annoyance, these rabbit years are the fat seasons when game is numerous, meat plenty, and the trapper does not go far for his game. One year, I remember, some Indians left a good ground because the beaver were so plentiful that they even chewed paddles left at night near the lake shore. The thing seemed so unnatural that they were panic-stricken and moved. It has been my aim and desire to strike just such another spot, but, so far, have been unsuccessful.

Personally, I am opposed to bear trapping, as it is heartrending to see so large an animal with such a capacity for suffering put to the torture. Left to himself the bear is a harmless, clownlike beast, which feeds on roots, berries, fish and the carcasses of moose killed in terrific fall fights they engage in among themselves, and given to rocking himself to and fro muttering and mumbling at peace with all the world. Very little bear hunting is done these



A SMALL HERD OF MOOSE.



days, as bear traps cost around \$25 and the skin brings only about \$10. The real trapper (by which I mean the man who spends his days in the Strong Woods country or farther north, not the part-time trapper out after a quick fortune) is as much

part of the woods as the animals themselves. We to-day of this generation are seeing the last of the free trappers; a race of men who, in passing, will turn the last page in the story of true adventure, closing the book of romance in Canadian history.

H. SCOTT-BROWN.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE DEBATABLE ALSATIAN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Being without first-hand knowledge of Alsations—never having, on the one hand, owned, or, on the other, been assaulted by, a member of the breed—my mind is kept in a perpetual state of balance as to its deserts. From time to time a certain weekly paper—in this household second favourite to your own—reports some case of violence attributed to an Alsatian, and cries out for the whole race to be deported without loss of time. Then comes an article in COUNTRY LIFE, in which we see attractive groups of dogs with happy, innocent and smiling faces, with, not infrequently, a lady, likewise smiling and quite plainly on the best of terms with her so much debated pets. You must admit that this is puzzling to enquiring and uninstructed minds. One point remains untouched on in the matter; what is the Alsatian's personal view? Not having the advantage of acquaintance with a kennel of Alsations, I can only, so far, draw an inference from the dogs I meet about the streets, and certainly the inference is that they are not entirely contented in this foreign land. They sprawl, loose-limbed and open-jawed, along the pavement, straining hard upon their leashes—to the other end of which there is attached a lady, mostly slim and young, and often wearing an exhausted air. They—not the ladies, but the dogs—remind me of the groups of sailors seen about a coast-side city when a foreign vessel is in port. Alsations, like the sailors, have a certain swagger; but it is the swagger of the wandering rover, looking curiously and half-contemptuously at what he sees. Almost, indeed, one fancies them as saying with Blücher: "What a place to loot!" In short, they do not seem to feel themselves at home. How different, now, the manner of a couple of Old English sheepdogs which I met a day or two ago; their tails a-wagging, their eyes beaming with a bland and confident good-nature, sure that everyone they met must be their friend. Upon the whole, I fancy the Alsatian might, if asked, prefer to go back to Alsace. Or is it from Alsatia that he comes?—his slouching swagger is a little reminiscent of Duke Hildebrod—still more of Captain Peppercull.—ARTHUR O. COOKE.

### A FOSTER MOTHER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a home-made apparatus which it may interest your readers to see. The feeders at the side of the trough are from babies' feeding bottles, and the whole thing, which is quite simple, was made by the local carpenter from a design supplied by Mr. Carrick, manager of my home farm at Invereighy, Forfarshire.—E. BAXTER.

### THE SPIDER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In her very interesting book, *Animal Mind*, Miss Frances Pitt records the fact (whether from personal observation or otherwise is not quite clear) that an orb-weaving spider is so much a creature of instinct that, if interrupted in the middle of weaving its snare, it is obliged to start the whole process again from the beginning, since it cannot continue where it left off. Last summer I noticed an immature specimen of a medium-sized

orb-weaver, which is exceedingly common on the outsides of buildings and in creepers. She had completed the rays of her web and had begun the sticky meshes, working inwards after the custom of the genus. In order to test the degree of her mental limitations I frightened her by touching her, causing her to drop in panic into the leaves below. On recovering from her alarm she swarmed back up her emergency line, sat for some moments motionless in her web, proceeded to perform a leisurely toilet—and went back and continued her interrupted work at the point at which she had left off. A single observation does not necessarily vitiate the general truth of Miss Pitt's statement, but it would be interesting to know whether my spider was an exceptionally intelligent individual or whether some species of orb-weavers are more instinct-bound than others. Some time previously I witnessed an amusing little comedy in which two full-grown spiders of the same species figured together with a very tiny ichneumon fly, less than a third of their size. The ichneumon blundered into one of the spiders' webs. Out rushed the occupant to devour her, only to receive such a bite in the fore-leg as to cause her to drop her prey like a hot coal. A moment later the ichneumon had kicked herself free, only to fall plump into the web of the second spider just beneath. Down came the second spider, to be repulsed in exactly the same manner. A second afterwards the intrepid little hymenopteron was sailing away in triumph.—TAVISTOCK.

### ENGLISH NATIONAL TREASURES AT LANSOWNE HOUSE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I observe in last week's COUNTRY LIFE, in your article on the exhibition of decorative art now being held at Lansdowne House, an illustration of a panel of Mortlake tapestry purporting to be the panel lent by me to the exhibition. The illustration is not of my panel of tapestry, neither does it bear the arms of Lord Dartmouth nor depict the burning of the Royal James as does my panel, and as you correctly state in the text of the article. I shall be very glad if you will correct the impression that your illustration is a photograph of my tapestry.—IVEAGH.

[We much regret that, by an oversight, the photograph used was taken from the Hampton Court Sole Bay tapestries, instead of from the set in Lord Iveagh's collection. We hope to show this very interesting set in an early number of COUNTRY LIFE.—ED.]

### "MARY AND THE SNAKE."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Perhaps some of your readers may be interested in the poem enclosed, cut from a

time-stained copy of *The Playmate*, which has always been in my family. The recent communications from two of your correspondents prompted me to send the verses.—CAROLINE E. PEABODY.

[Our correspondent, who writes from the United States, kindly encloses several sheets of *The Playmate* (a magazine published in Boston) for the year 1847. The poem, which is by Miss Sheridan Carey, runs to some eighty-four verses and tells the story of little Alice, the adopted child of a good woman who, sad at the sight of her little one's "pining sickness," spies on her and discovers her feeding the snake. She merely frightens the snake away, but the child dies soon afterwards. The novelty of the version comes in when, in the true tradition of the mid-nineteenth century, she goes to see Alice in her coffin and finds that:

"There, nestled by the infant's cheek,  
A famish'd serpent lay—  
The same that in the forest glade  
Once used to feed and play:

"And some with pity mused upon  
That wasted, perish'd thing,  
Whose fangless jaws full plainly told  
Thence could no venom spring;

"So buried was the victim-babe  
Within the churchyard lone,  
And o'er the hallow'd spot was raised  
A monumental stone,

"On which wee Alice and the snake,  
Fair graven, were descried,  
With 'Spittle-bat! dear Spittle-bat!  
Teep on de other thide!'"

—ED.]

### A TWIN-EATING SAURIAN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—My son writes to me from West Africa that he has lately paid a visit to Ibadan, noted for its sacred crocodile. This reptile is not very large, but is believed to be of great age. It lives in an artificial pool, in which there is more mud than water. It used to be the custom to throw newly born twins to this crocodile, for the natives believe the arrival of twins to be an unlucky and horrible event, and like to get rid of them as soon as possible. They consider that no woman should give birth to more than one child at a time, and that to have more is a sign of reversion to the ways of animals. So strong is this feeling that sometimes the mother was cast into the pool as well as her babies. Of course, under present

rules such sacrifices are strictly forbidden, but there is strong reason to suspect that now and then new-born twins may still be fed to the crocodile god, when the sacrifice can be carried out without any chance of discovery.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

### A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—By an unfortunate mistake—I fear my own—Collingwood and Wollams' *Universal Cook and City and Country Housekeeper* was stated in my letter in your issue of February 16th to have been published in 1892. This should have read 1792.—PHILLIPPA FRANKLYN.



DRINK PRETTY CREATURE! DRINK!

## A BEAUTIFUL VISITOR.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—During the cold weather in January a very beautiful bird came to this garden (near Horsham). It was the same shape as a blackbird, but much larger. The colour of head, back, wings and part of the tail was similar to a blackbird's, but the breast was a buff grey, with a beautiful blue sheen, and this colour extended to the tail for about a quarter of its length from the rump. It fed chiefly on fallen apples and cared little for wheat or mixed pigeon corn. I should be most grateful if a reader of COUNTRY LIFE could identify the bird from this very inadequate description. Its shyness prevented very close inspection.—A. M. M.

## SOMPTING CHURCH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have followed with great interest the illustrated correspondence relating to small and unusual churches. Possibly readers will find the accompanying photograph of interest



THE ONLY CHURCH TOWER WITH A "HELM" ROOF IN BRITAIN.

also. This is the only church in Britain possessing a "helm" or gabled roof on its tower, and it is to be found near the village of Sompting, about three miles from Worthing in Sussex. Built by the Saxons about 980 A.D., this tower is one of the three finest in the country of this period; but the others—Earl's Barton and Barnack (Northants)—have not the "helm" roof. A number of churches embodying this feature, however, are found in the Rhineland.—D. S.

## IN YELLOW-

## STONE PARK.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a black bear and its cub which I took last year in the Yellowstone Park in the United States. The tameness of the bears, other than grizzly, in the national reserve is well known; in fact, around some of the hotels they are inclined to become a nuisance, and it is rather terrifying to a stranger to have a full-grown adult lumbering towards him and even going so far as to search in his pocket for chocolate. However, they are harmless, though a

mother bear and her cub must be treated with respect and it is as well to keep at a safe distance.—C.

## BLACK AND WHITE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a photograph of a black guillemot with a white ring, or ruff, round its neck. It was taken this summer on the island of Eynhallow, Orkney, where these birds nest by the hundred. This particular bird I first saw in 1925, but did not then discover its nest. In 1926 I did not see it, but it was there again in 1927 and last year. For the last two years it has nested in the same place, under an enormous boulder on some low rocks. I have never seen a black guillemot, except this one, marked in this way. It was only with very great difficulty that I succeeded in getting a photograph of the bird. It seemed to know that it differed from its companions and to have a lively dread of human beings. While I could with no difficulty approach the other birds nesting at this place within a few yards, my friend "Ring-neck" would not let me come near her. At last I managed it, after days of crawling and hiding among the rocks and boulders. On another part of the same island I, this year, found a black guillemot's nest with two white eggs having no spots on them at all. The mother bird was quite normal and so were the young when hatched out.—DUNCAN J. ROBERTSON.

## A BADGER'S BEHAVIOUR.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I do not know much about the habits of badgers. I do not know if I ought to know more, but this morning, in the cold grey light of 7.15, our day girl ran into the kitchen, all breathless and excited. "Please, ma'am, there is ever such a big brown animal stuck under the gate. It's alive, and it can't get away." "Is it Kinker (our cat)?" "Oh no, it's much bigger than Kinker—it's more like a great fox, and it's stuck—it can't get away. Do come and see it." I followed the girl out across the yard. It was bitterly cold, and I had on only my dressing-gown and bedroom slippers. But I wanted to see what was under our front gate, so down the long bit of drive we raced, the wind as icy and penetrating as a cold bath. Under the gate, caught as securely as in a trap, was a magnificent great badger, the markings on his head very handsome and his coat thick. Our gate, always kept shut, he must have charged to get under, and found the teeth not wide enough apart to let him go through, and the gate too near the ground for him to slide under. In his endeavours to free himself he had pushed the gate—a big, fairly heavy one—wide open, and all the time he was kicking with his hind legs and scratching with his front paws to free himself. Perhaps it was unsporting, but to catch the animal alive seemed such fun,



MOTHER AND CHILD.

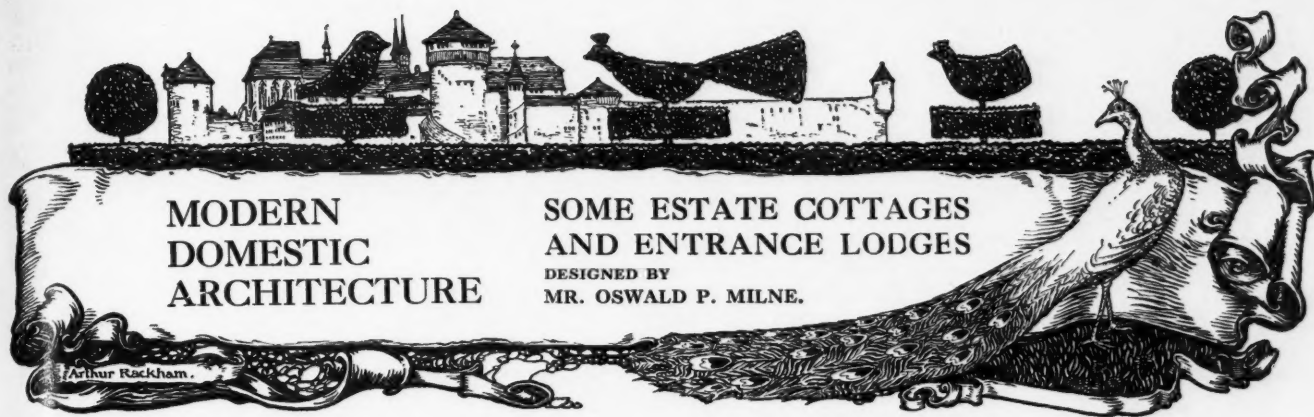


THE ODDITY.

so we found a sack and tried to get his head and shoulders into it, but he dug his paws firmly into the ground and moved his head rapidly from side to side, snapping savagely. "You devil!" once exclaimed the girl, holding up her hand with blood dripping from a finger. Then I ran and called my son, who quickly appeared, clad too in his dressing-gown and slippers. A sack, he said, was useless, we needed a hen coop, but none being handy, he found a long tin box, the sort in which bakers get their supply of milk powder. We got the badger's head and shoulders into the tin and, with small pieces of wood, pushed in his paws; then, very carefully, my son lifted the gate by the latch and Badger grovelled his way into the tin. Quickly we placed a square of wood in front of the entrance, and fixed the gate up against that and made him secure. Later on in the morning we drove into the town to try to find information *re* badgers. "He would be no good as a pet—ate more than a dog. . . . Would kill poultry worse than any fox. . . . Better kill him, for they go for you, and if they bite they never leave go. . . . To keep the animal shut up all day, and then murder him—sport, eh?" In the late afternoon snow began to fall, and we decided to release the badger; so down to the gate we four went, and rather gingerly removed the board and half closed the gate, to allow the animal to come out. We expected he would make a dash, clear the ditch into the field and disappear in a flash. But Badger was curled up fast asleep, and, on being awakened, he came leisurely out, swinging his head from side to side, making no dash for freedom; but with a very dignified air he sauntered out, avoided getting under the gate again, and loped off down the middle of the road, so slowly that

we ran after him, for fear he might meet with a mishap before he got away. The sloping, snow-scattered road was empty. Suddenly, from the post office, the village postman appeared, riding his smart red bicycle. To meet a badger face to face on the road evidently thrilled him. It looked as if he meant to charge at it with his front wheel, but, dismounting, he ran, threw his machine against the wall and hurried for his dog. On loped Badger, gaining speed—on we ran, reaching the post office just as the dog came bounding out, luckily keeping his nose high in the air, more interested in all of us than in the scent of the badger, which by then had got out of sight and, I hope, out of danger.—G. DE B.





## MODERN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE

## SOME ESTATE COTTAGES AND ENTRANCE LODGES

DESIGNED BY  
MR. OSWALD P. MILNE.

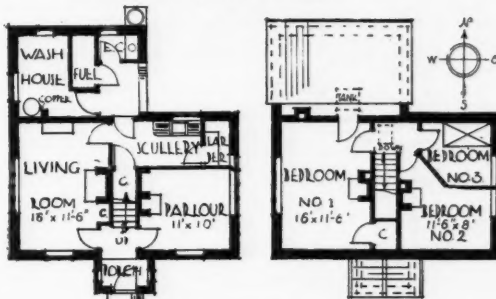
HOUSE-BUILDING in the country, from the standpoint of seamliness, is receiving an especial amount of attention just now. And with very good reason; for, despite all that has been said about the disfigurement of the countryside by unsightly buildings, these still persist. In recent years, indeed, there have been two most deplorable developments. One of these is concerned with bungalows, the other with what is called ribbon development. Caustic comments have been made on the "bungalow growths," and the very word bungalow seems to be accepted as synonymous with a deplorable little building. Yet there is no reason whatever why, in design and materials, the bungalow cannot be made equally as satisfactory as a house of two or more storeys. There are plenty of examples to prove this. It is, however, the fact that the majority of bungalows are unsightly. The materials of which they are built are in great part responsible for this, and particularly discordant are those with thin salmon-pink roofs of asbestos cement tiles.

Ribbon development is an even more serious matter. It is the outcome of the popular use of the motor car, which enables an extra half mile to be covered with less trouble than it takes to walk a hundred yards. Thus, on strips of ground bordering main roads we see a heterogeneous collection of little houses with no seamliness or orderliness about them. They are just what they look—mushroom growths. Nothing could be more disfiguring to the countryside than this, and it is to be hoped that in all districts landowners and local authorities will do their utmost to stop the spread of this blight. Landowners should be the guardians of private as well as public amenities. Cottages must constantly be built to meet housing needs, and on private estates they may be just as prominent as Council housing schemes. In this matter the worst mischief is done when an estate owner thinks he can do quite well without an architect. It is an old fallacy. The truth is that local builders and estate agents may be very "practical" men, but they are wholly unqualified in regard to house design.

The housing work which has been done by architects since the war has reached a very good general standard. The



A KEEPER'S COTTAGE ON THE SANDRINGHAM ESTATE.  
Built for His Majesty the King.



PLANS OF KEEPER'S COTTAGE.



COTTAGES AT STAGENHOE PARK, HERTS.



COTTAGES ON THE CHEQUERS ESTATE.

limitations imposed by increased cost of building have proved a blessing in disguise, and it is with satisfaction one can point to hundreds of houses on public and private estates which are worthy of the English tradition. Many landowners are alive to the value of building cottages that will enhance rather than detract from the countryside. At Sandringham the King is

in one important respect, very different from those of former days. The eighteenth century architect seems to have regarded lodges merely as amusing exercises in classical design on a diminutive scale. No thought appears to have been given to the fact that people had to live in these places. But to-day such cottages receive just as much consideration as any others.

supply, etc. They were built under exceptional conditions during the general strike of 1926, and considerable extra cost was thus involved, but it is estimated that under ordinary conditions to-day they could be built for £3,000. The lodge and gates shown below form the main entrance to Stagenhoe Park. The lodge is built of the same materials as the cottages—vari-coloured red bricks, with a roof of red tiles. The gates were made by Messrs. Stansie Gardner to the architect's design.

The lodge cottages and gates at Chequers were built for Lord Lee at the entrance to a new drive which he formed just before handing Chequers over as the home of the Prime Ministers. His desire was that the gates should be of wood and of very simple design. The cottages were built of Dutch bricks which were on the estate, and they match very well the general brickwork of the house.

It is worth noting that large cottages like those here illustrated are,



LODGES AND GATES AT CHEQUERS.

showing that these amenities do not escape his attention, and he commissioned Mr. Oswald P. Milne to design the latest cottage there. This, like the other estate cottages and entrance lodges here illustrated, is handled in a manner that conforms to the local traditions, the walls being faced with knapped flints, much flushed up with mortar, and having brick angles, window dressings, etc., with a roof of red pantiles. The plan is a very simple one. The covered porch opens into a vestibule, where the stairs rise in one straight flight to the first floor. On the left is a living-room (16ft. by 11ft. 6ins.), on the right a parlour (11ft. by 10ft.), with scullery and larder behind it, and a back projection comprising wash-house, fuel store and e.c. Upstairs are three bedrooms. No bathroom is provided. This seems to me a retrograde omission, though I understand it is not due to the architect, but to the fact that the water supply on the estate is often difficult and can only be obtained from deep wells, necessitating restriction in regard to such things as baths and water-closets. A hot-water system from the kitchen range has, however, been installed to supply the sink and wash-house.

The cottages at Stagenhoe Park are a group of four built for the use of the estate workmen. Externally they are admirable as an example of suitable country building, and internally their accommodation is equally satisfactory. All these cottages have been well equipped with bathrooms, hot-water

In this matter of cottage building on private estates there are not quite the same limitations that are imposed on housing schemes. Generally the expenditure is not bound to be so strictly limited, and a more ample choice in materials and accommodation is possible. We may reasonably expect, therefore, that the work shall conform to a good standard in design and construction, such as a capable architect can assure.

R. P.



ENTRANCE LODGE AND GATES, STAGENHOE PARK.



# RACING, TRAINING AND FROST

REAL DIFFICULTIES AHEAD OF THE "TOTE."

**B**Y the time these notes are with the reader, National Hunt racing, we may devoutly hope, will have been restored to the normal. It should, therefore, be unnecessary to indulge in any lengthy lament because of the very serious interference with the winter code of racing. That it has been a serious matter for racecourse executives and all concerned with the ownership, training and the riding of horses should be obvious enough. Valuable opportunities have had to be sacrificed because of the frozen state of the racecourses, and training has been discounted and utterly disorganised by the dangerous state of the downland gallops.

## THE SITUATION.

Fixture after fixture has had to be abandoned with no possible chance of the gaps being filled in when the early days of spring shall have banished the worst enemy of National Hunt racing. So, to-day, we draw very near to the opening of another flat-racing season, which, as a rule, brings forgetfulness of steeplechasing and hurdle racing for most people. Next week the National Hunt's very important three-day meeting is due to open at Cheltenham. The best horses in the country are engaged, but who can tell how they will acquit themselves? Certainly the usual study of weights and form will not lead far, since such important considerations must now be subservient to the one question of fitness.

If there be any really fit horses at all they will be concerned with the finishes. More probably it will be a case of the survival of the least unfit, especially in those long-distance tests over fences, including the National Hunt Steeplechase itself, for horses which have never won any sort of race, and the National Hunt Handicap Steeplechase of three miles and three furlongs, entered for which are many horses which also hold a liability in the Grand National.

During the week which follows, the Grand Military Meeting is due at Sandown Park. By that time some horses should be responding to the high-pressure work which will have been pumped into them in the interval. At this moment, however, it is as if a smoke screen had descended on the situation, leaving us an entire blank as to the present form of the many well known horses due to operate next week at Cheltenham and, later, at the Grand Military Meeting.

I am not one of those who believe seashore training will serve as an efficient substitute for the real thing. It has its uses, but they are sharply defined. Half-speed work, if the sands be neither too heavy nor too light, will help to keep a horse healthy. The change of air will help, too, in stimulating interest and appetite; but joints and sinews would not stand hard galloping at intervals on dead sea sands. Without some hard gallops racehorses cannot be properly strung up to true physical fitness. We may be sure that those Grand National horses which have been on visits to the south, west and east coasts—they include Master Billie, Great Span, Billy Barton, Koko, Lordi, Easter Hero and Maguelonne—will be better for the enterprise of their owners and trainers, but I am sure they would have been better still had they been doing orthodox work at home with an occasional stimulating race in public.

Horses for the early weeks of flat racing should have been in fairly strong work. Under-sized and light-framed two year olds of the type that almost invariably come early to hand should have been engaging in sharp bursts of sprinting if they are to win races in the beginning of a season and at a time when the better endowed two year olds cannot be so matured. They, too, have been denied such work. No one expects such notabilities as Tiffin, Mr. Jinks, Costaki Pasha, Reeds mouth and other cracks among the new season's three year olds to be galloping in late February. At the same time they should have been engaging in those beginning stages of gentle cantering for their health's sake. They have been denied that in order to gain what little help and good they could from trotting on hastily improvised straw beds in the near neighbourhood of their stables. Assuredly, therefore, if by this time the "bone" really is out of the ground, there must be taking place a vigorous awakening at all training centres.

## SIR CLEMENT HINDLEY AND THE TOTALISATOR.

It will not have escaped observation that Sir Clement Hindley, the chairman of the Betting Board of Control, has been at pains to outline the position as it is at this moment in regard to the introduction of Totalisator betting on our racecourses. He appears to be satisfied, although (1) no decision has been arrived at in regard to the type of machine which they will adopt for our racecourses; (2) no decision has been arrived at as to the percentage which will be deducted from the gross pools on such racecourse betting; and (3) a lack of unanimity is disclosed on the part of the racecourse owners whose properties must, in the first instance, be formally approved by the Board for the purpose of Totalisator installations.

Sir Clement admits to encountering difficulties. To some who may have had a deeper knowledge of English racing and betting than that possessed by the chairman, those difficulties were always looming definitely on the horizon. They were

bound to come into the picture the nearer the administrators of the Betting Act drew to realities. No need is there to detail those difficulties again here. They have been so often stressed by the writer, and it is sufficient to say they are concerned with the marked decentralisation of racing in this country as compared with others in which Totalisator betting flourishes, the marked differences in the character of our racecourses, the varying size of the maximum attendances, the minimum volume of racecourse betting as compared with the whole throughout the country, and the competition of bookmakers with the machine.

He would, indeed, be a super-man who could foretell what is going to happen against these odds. Those who insisted on having the Totalisator at any price, and promised enormous dividends to an almost embarrassing extent, were either lacking in the capacity to take the long view or were wilfully deceiving themselves and, of course, all whom they influenced. As I see it, while those difficulties outlined above prevail, the whole thing is bound up with the hazard of experiment. Centralise racing, abolish bookmakers from racecourses and find means to bring starting price betting to the racecourse, and then Sir Clement Hindley and his brethren of the Board would be on an odds-favourite about whose success there would not be the shadow of a doubt.

PHILIPPOS.

## GIFTS FOR ANIMAL SANCTUARIES

**T**HE decision of the Court of Appeal, holding that the bequest of Mrs. Grove-Grady's residuary estate, of value nearly £200,000, for animal sanctuaries or refuges, was void, may be regarded as something of a set-back to a growing movement. The legal issue was whether it was a valid charity, one element of a charitable gift being benefit to mankind. Quite a number of gifts in wills to benefit animals have been upheld in Chancery as being also beneficial to mankind, and various precedents were quoted. The difficulty of the point may be gauged from the fact that the Court of Appeal reversed the judgment of Mr. Justice Romer, who had decided favourably to the bequest, but only by a majority, Lord Justice Lawrence delivering a dissentient judgment, agreeing with the Court below. So far, therefore, since the Master of the Rolls and Lord Justice Russell decided otherwise, the judges are ranged equally for and against, and, having regard to the magnitude of the estate, the House of Lords may be called upon to make a final decision.

Landowners who approve of the establishment of sanctuaries for animals and wish to dedicate some of their own holdings for that purpose, whether by will or otherwise, may like to know whether they can still validly do so. They may be told that no lawyer would have any difficulty in avoiding the pitfall due to the recent decision. In 1913 a Miss Wedgwood gave her residuary estate to a relative upon a secret trust (as found by the Court of Appeal) "for the benefit and protection of animals." Counsel strongly urged that an indiscriminate gift of this sort was void, for noxious animals as well as those useful to man might benefit, and a trust for the benefit of animals noxious to mankind certainly ought to be void. The Court, however, had no difficulty in disposing of that argument. Lord Cozens-Hardy pointed out that objects of general mercy to animals of all kinds, whether useful to mankind or not, are charitable, and Lord Justice Kennedy observed that if the trustees took to preserving beasts of prey and mad dogs, and a Court was asked to say whether they would be fulfilling their duty, it would not find any difficulty as to the answer "which is dictated by reason and common-sense." The Court as a whole held that the objects of the trust were valid, "as calculated to promote public morality by checking the innate tendency to cruelty."

This decision bound the Court of Appeal on the recent occasion, as Mrs. Grove-Grady's bequest so resembled that of Miss Wedgwood that Mr. Justice Romer and Lord Justice Lawrence could not distinguish the two cases. Mrs. Grove-Grady, however, appears to have stressed the condition that the animals (including, no doubt, birds) were to be free from the destruction and molestation of man, and the Master of the Rolls held that the trustees would not have power to preserve rare species from the ravages of stoats, weasels, etc. He doubted, therefore, whether such refuges would be of practical benefit to mankind. He also suggested that if the trustees bought an island, not easily accessible, and made a sanctuary of it, it would not benefit the public. The answer to this argument, however, must surely be that the trustees would not be doing their duty in making such a purchase. In fact, the majority of small rocky islands are already animal or bird sanctuaries, because it has not been worth man's while to assert his sovereignty over them, and it would be superfluous to establish another.

A testator or donor who gives his trustees power to make rules to preserve rare species or animals useful to mankind will be well within the decided cases, and they will be able to keep down stoats, weasels, rats, etc., for the purposes of their trust.

ALFRED FELLOWS.

## THE ESTATE MARKET

# DONINGTON PARK SOLD

**C**OLONEL GRETTON, M.P., has sold Donington Park through the agency of Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. The Trent bounds the estate for two and a half miles, affording fishing from both banks, and fishing tenancies yield £180 a year and are the subject of a payment of £65 a year to Captain A. W. Ker, lord of the manor of Castle Donington. The Donington Park income of £2,570 a year includes £200 in respect of part of the shooting, irrespective of the mansion and a large area.

Donington Park was once the seat of the Marquess of Hastings and the Earls of Huntingdon. The deer park of 400 acres contains trees of gigantic proportions, ornamental rather than useful, but testifying to the possibilities of some of the land for afforestation. Messrs. John German and Son were the local agents co-operating with Messrs. John D. Wood in the sale of this estate. During the War the Government took la ease of the mansion and utilised it, after considerable outlay on repairs and adaptation, for the purpose of internment of enemy officers. The courtyard was hedged by barbed wire and ornamented at the corners by machine-guns, and there were one or two sensational escapes by burrowing under the walls.

In 1793 Lord Rawdon demolished the old house and re-built it according to his own design in "Strawberry Hill" Gothic. The architect was Wilkins, who put the library, 70ft. by 30ft., and other enormous rooms round the courtyard which was so useful during the War. Tom Moore stayed at the Hall with Lord Rawdon, and put on record his impressions in a characteristically sentimental manner. The elevation of Rawdon to the dignity of Marquess of Hastings in due time brought the estate into the hands of the notorious gambler, who got rid of an income of £30,000 a year and great estates with such speed that the mischief was done by the time he died, just sixty years ago, at the age of twenty-five. Hermit's success in the 1866 Derby cost him £140,000.

### LORD JELLCOE'S TOWN HOUSE.

**ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET EARL JELLCOE, O.M.**, has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer by auction his town residence, No. 80, Portland Place, a property newly constructed, and having a fine suite of entertaining rooms.

Nos. 13-16, Medway Street, Westminster, will be offered for sale in May by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The building, freehold, comprises flats and garages.

Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley have sold corner premises, Nos. 16-18, Piccadilly, to the Bank of Scotland. The property, formerly in the occupation of Messrs. Spink and Son, Limited, has a frontage of 100ft. Messrs. St. Quintin, Son and Stanley acted for the purchasers.

Lickey Grange, Bromsgrove, is to be offered by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, on the instructions of Sir Herbert Austin. The modern residence, 700ft. above sea level, on the Lickey Hills, stands in 90 acres, and eleven counties can be seen from it.

Quarryfield, on the front at Seaview in the Isle of Wight, is to be offered by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley.

### EGHAM PARK SOLD.

**EGHAM PARK**, 84 acres overlooking Runnymede and the Thames, has been sold, as a whole, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, in conjunction with Messrs. Dudley W. Harris and Co., Limited, and the auction arranged to be held at Hanover Square did not take place.

Hacketty Way, Porlock, is to be sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley at Minehead on April 12th for Mr. Hubert Fawcett Brunskill. This residence with 7 acres, including rose garden, fruit plantation and paddock, lies in the heart of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds country, a few minutes from the sea. From its grounds may be enjoyed views of the Welsh coast.

Sir Reginald Poole has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer his residence, No. 47, Great Cumberland Place, a beautifully decorated house of medium size.

The Devonshire home of the late Sir Edmund Hornby, Luesdon House, near Ashburton, is shortly to be offered by Messrs.

Knight, Frank and Rutley, in conjunction with Messrs. Michelmores, Loveys and Sons. Luesdon House stands 900ft. above sea level, two and a half miles from Dartmeet, practically surrounded by moor.

### STRATTON HOUSE.

**I**N place of the house once so famous as the Piccadilly and Stratton Street mansion of the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts there has arisen in the last two or three years a noble pile of buildings, called Stratton House. It embodies every modern feature of flat construction and equipment, and special attention has been paid to heating, lighting and so forth, the ideal being to give the maximum of comfort at a minimum of effort. The flats have in some instances three to four reception-rooms, six principal bedrooms, plenty of bathrooms, servants' quarters, and pantries, kitchens and so on. The joint agents are Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. This marks another step in the transformation of Piccadilly to the latest modern requirements. The flats, like the mansion they have replaced, have the advantage of a view of the Green Park. The former house was built in the closing years of the seventeenth century. Baroness Burdett-Coutts held the house as heiress of Thomas Coutts the banker. Her father, Sir Francis Burdett, got into trouble with the Government for issuing a pamphlet report of a speech he made in Parliament, when an attempt to arrest him resulted in a serious riot in Piccadilly in the year 1810. But the history of the site is now a matter of minor interest, the present-day practical mode of meeting the most exacting residential demands being of far more importance. Stratton House is a new and noteworthy addition to the finest flats in London.

### SUDELEY CASTLE TO BE LET.

**SUDELEY CASTLE** in Gloucestershire, the seat of Major H. D. Brocklehurst, D.S.O., is to be let furnished for a term of years. This beautiful and ancient country property dates back to the reign of King Stephen, and its history commences before the Norman Conquest. It is a place of extraordinary beauty, containing some magnificent pictures, furniture and numberless items of historic interest, and the ruins of the earliest part of the building are among the most celebrated in the west of England. Messrs. Hampton and Sons are the agents. It was the subject of a special illustrated article in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. XXV, page 486).

Aragon, a residential property at Letchmore Heath, Hertfordshire, adjoining Aldenham School playing fields, a freehold of 3 acres, midway between Elstree, Aldenham and Radlett, will shortly be submitted by Messrs. Maple and Co., Limited. About 12 acres of adjoining land held on lease from Lord Aldenham may be had on terms to be arranged. This is a very accessible district of great natural beauty.

### DUXBURY PARK.

**REFERRING** to the staircase at Duxbury Park (mentioned a week ago in the announcement that Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. are to sell the property, which is near Chorley) it should be added that if that feature of the house was introduced in 1828 by Frank Standish it may have been transferred from elsewhere. The walls of the stair are decorated with paintings of "The Seasons." A stone panel bearing the arms of Standish of Duxbury in six quarters, dated 1623, has been brought inside the house and carefully preserved. The front windows of the house command views of the Anglezarke Moors.

Duxbury Park appeals with especial force to American visitors, for it is indissolubly bound up in its associations with that adventurous character around whom Longfellow and others have woven a web of more or less authenticated hero-worship. Captain Myles Standish: *His Lost Lands and Lancashire Connections* is the title of a fascinating little book that was published in 1920 by the Manchester University Press, from the pen of the Rev. T. C. Porteus, Vicar of St. John the Divine, Coppull. There is at least one place in the United States named Duxbury, in memory of him whose "Courtship" inspired Longfellow. The publishers of elaborate editions of that poem in America have now and then

embellished their productions with pictures of Duxbury Park, and have built up a traditional link between the valiant adventurer and the Lancashire seat that is warranted by the claims made by the Captain himself in his will. Large sums of money were subscribed in or about the year 1845 in America to provide for the investigation of supposed claims to the property, but the practical result was nothing at all, though for a great deal of light on matters incidental to the search the curious may be referred to Mr. Porteus's very entertaining little book. Standish seems to have been sent out in the Mayflower to defend the emigrants and to instruct them how to take their own part in the unsettled territory on which they landed. Some of the Standish charters are preserved in Wigan public library; and one of the early Standish family, Ralph, son of a lord of the manor, is said to have helped in the slaying of Wat Tyler at Smithfield in the year 1381. Altogether, Duxbury Park is a place of exceptional interest, and its history has been very thoroughly investigated by competent and sympathetic students. The mansion seems to have remained externally unchanged since at least as long ago as 1846, and it had at that time a herd of deer in the park.

Sussex property, with original Elizabethan features, in 65 acres, with a quarter of a mile of trout fishing and 10 acres of woodland, is for sale for £2,500, through Messrs. Ellis and Sons.

### "WILLETT-BUILT."

**"WILLETT-BUILT"** is a hall-mark of quality. Houses of that desirable type are ready for early occupation in Roehampton (Dover Park estate), Wimbledon Common (Victoria Road), Hampstead Heath (Froggnal), Tunbridge Wells (Culverden Chase estate) and Hove (Kingsway, Prince's Crescent and Hove Park). Prices range from £2,250. Houses and garages are built to order, and decorations are of the buyer's own choice. Messrs. William Willett, Limited, have full details at their office in Sloane Square.

Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock have sold to the tenant the freehold known as Bush Hill Farm, Flecknoe, 87 acres, which was withdrawn at the auction they held in conjunction with Messrs. Waller and King.

### COST OF LAND DRAINAGE.

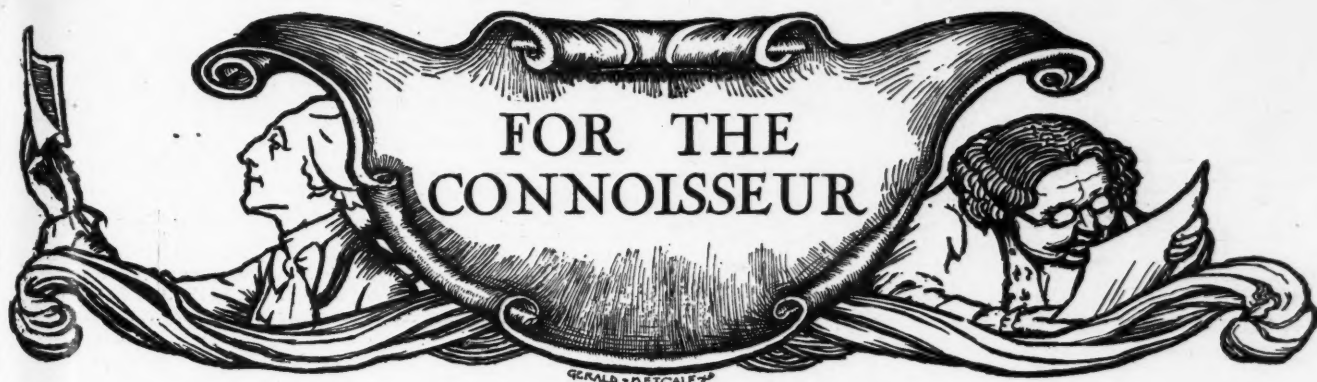
**A LANDOWNER** writes that he has recently sold some farms in East Anglia for a trifle over £10 an acre, after having at one time or another laid out as much as £5 an acre in draining and so forth. In this connection a note from Messrs. Bidwell and Sons, the Cambridge estate agents, may be worth giving:

"There have been extremely few good farms in the market, whilst even what may be termed 'bad farms' can still be let to satisfactory tenants provided the farms are reasonably clean and provided the landlord has a good reputation as a landlord. By this we do not necessarily mean a lenient landlord, but rather one who understands the needs of a tenant farmer and who is equally prepared to turn out the bad farmer as he is to help the good farmer and encourage good farming so far as lies in his power. The establishment of good relationship between landlord and tenant is just as great an asset to both parties as it was in pre-war days, but we are afraid that its importance is frequently overlooked to-day, with resulting loss to both landlord and tenant and also to the agricultural industry."

"Really good farms can occasionally be picked up to-day by the shrewd investor for which good tenants can be found at rents to show a 5 to 5½ per cent. return with the prospect of appreciation in capital value when conditions for agriculture take a turn for the better, but this return can only be obtained where the owner has a thorough understanding of the 'conditions on the land,' as without that the good relationship to which we refer will never be established. We would always advise an owner to take a farm in hand rather than let to a 'bad' tenant, and we should always advise a tenant farmer to go out of farming rather than take a farm under a 'bad' landlord."

Sir John Dashwood, Bt., and the directors of the West Wycombe estate have instructed Messrs. Whatley, Hill and Co. to sell sixty lots of cottages and other premises in West Wycombe, near High Wycombe, on March 15th. Illustrated particulars are ready. ARBITER.





## A SUITE OF QUEEN ANNE WALNUT FURNITURE

**B**ELTON HOUSE in Lincolnshire was described in *COUNTRY LIFE* in 1911 as "one of the best examples in which a wealthy commoner of large ideas and informed taste built, decorated and furnished his country home" in the reign of James II. But, although the house, of which the first stones were laid in 1685, was furnished for Sir John Brownlow's occupation before November, 1688, when an inventory of its contents was taken, more furniture was added by his widow, Alice, Lady Brownlow, who lived on at Belton until her death in 1721, and by her successor and son-in-law, another Sir John Brownlow. This Sir John, who is described as "vastly rich, good-natured and silly" by Mrs. Delany, and was created in 1718 Viscount Tyrconnel in the peerage of Ireland, loved "expensive display and a pompous manner of life." This consorted ill with a small paternal inheritance, and even the twelve hundred a year that Eleanor Brownlow brought him in marriage did not save him from financial embarrassment. Lady Brownlow, however, "far from showing any jealousy of her son-in-law and successor,



encouraged him to reside there and help her in the administration of the estate." In a set of walnut chairs and a settee from Belton, which date from about 1720, the interest lies in the coverings, which are trimmed with a short fringe of red silk. The set consists of a tapestry-covered settee and six chairs. In the settee, which allows a larger scope for design, the centre is an oval medallion in which are woven two fighting cocks, one victorious, the other fallen. On either side of this medallion is a vase of grouped flowers—carnations, honeysuckle and roses—standing on a pedestal supported by an arrangement of leafy scrollwork, upon which are perched a parrot and a cockatoo. Smaller birds, a bullfinch and a tomtit, are perched on the upper framework of scrolls. The centre of the seat is an oval medallion, woven with a figure of Venus and cupids in light blue monochrome, in a cloudy background, while on either side is a group of flowers. Upon the chair backs are woven vases of flowers of similar design. The colouring of the *motifs* is soft, relieved against a greyish brown ground, the texture even and fine. Upon the right-hand edge of the



CHAIR AND SETTEE OF WALNUT, COVERED WITH SOHO TAPESTRY, FROM BELTON HOUSE, Circa 1720.



ARMCHAIR PAINTED RED AND GILT. Circa 1700.

seat the name of the *tapisserie*, Stranoyer Bradshaw, shows in yellow letters. Very little is known of Bradshaw, whose signature also appears with the Cross of St. George on a panel representing a hunting scene, which is figured in Mr. Thompson's *Tapestry Weaving in England* (page 151). Two overdoor panels, representing Vulcan, Venus and Cupid, were made by him for Holkham. The Belton settee resembles a decorative tapestry panel in the Victoria and Albert Museum, in which the design consists of a vase of flowers resting on a marbled plinth supported by a system of leafy scrollwork. This set will be sold by Messrs. Christie on March 14th. In the same day's sale is an interesting set of six armchairs, painted red, from Horaby Castle, which, until 1920, was one of the few houses in England where sets of furniture of the late years of the seventeenth century were to be found covered with their original velvets. It has been suggested that these chairs, together with a cabinet of pale scarlet japan decorated in silver, were brought from Kington in 1773 when Francis, fifth Duke of Leeds (1751-1799), married Amelia D'Arcy, Baroness Conyers, only daughter and heir of Robert D'Arcy, Earl of Holderness, and heiress of Horaby Castle. Placed in the same room, this glow of scarlet must have been brilliantly effective. The front and back legs are formed of opposed S-scrolls connected by a turned stretcher. Upon the shield-shaped back is mounted on a covering of red taffeta a panel of crimson and silver damask. The details in relief of the framework are gilt.

## A JACOBITE GLASS.

An item in a sale of English and Irish cut and moulded glass by Messrs. Sotheby on Thursday, March 7th, is a rare Jacobite portrait glass, of which the bowl is engraved with a nearly full-face portrait of Prince Charles Edward in tartan dress wearing the Riband and Star of the Garter within a circular medallion surmounted by a label inscribed *Audentior Ibo*. On the reverse of the bowl is a six-petal rose with two buds. The foot has, at some time, been broken from the stem, as it now has a silver band. This glass was at one time the property of "Bowrie" Charlton, the well known Jacobite. One of the very rare early Derby cream jugs sold by the same firm on March 1st is mentioned as the property of Mr. Egerton Leigh in various editions of Chaffers' *Marks and Monograms*. It is incised on the base in cursive script "Derby," no other specimen recorded bearing this mark. Two similar jugs exist in the Victoria and Albert and in the British Museums, marked respectively "D." 1750 and "D" in script. J. DE SERRE

## A CARVED AND INLAID CHAIR

IN the second half of the sixteenth century, inlay had attained a very rich and decorative effect by the somewhat coarse detail introduced upon flat surfaces such as panels, and upon the framework of joined furniture. With the exception of some inlaid furniture at Hardwick Hall and the chest at St. Mary Overy's, stained woods were not employed by the craftsman, who, however, gave a richness to the light oak ground by the black note of bog oak and the lighter tones of holly and sycamore. The design of this inlay, which is laid in scooped-out cells and grooves in the ground, is often of a graceful floral scrollwork in the case of surfaces of some size, such as panels; while for the smaller areas, such as the platform of a buffet, the frieze rails and styles of a chair, the inlay is simplified and takes the form of a chequer. The floral design is closely similar in a number of examples, and is characterised by a pink and by a pod or fruit, divided into lobes of contrasted colours, both the pink and the lobed fruit or pod springing from one slender stem. This enrichment by means of inlay is continued during the seventeenth century, but the design becomes less conventional, the spray of flowers is varied and often springs from a vase.

A fine chair, formerly at Kentwell Hall and now in the possession of Messrs. Gregory of Old Cavendish Street, has the back panel inlaid with a scrolling design, in which a tulip and other flowers are rendered in sycamore and bog oak; while the back rail is inlaid with an arabesque pattern. In this example, inlay is further reinforced by carved detail, for the spandrels of the arch forming the inlaid panel are richly carved with a vine scroll, and the cresting is shaped as two outspread wings, pierced in the centre and enclosing the mask of a man wearing the short-pointed beard and long locks of the Caroline period. At this time and to the close of the seventeenth century this male mask makes its appearance as a decorative *motif*, as on the Yorkshire and Derbyshire chairs. The seat rail is carved with opposed S scrolls, and the baluster-turned front legs are connected with the rectangular back legs by a stretcher. In the same collection is a pair of mahogany hoop-backed chairs with solid vase-shaped splat, drop-in seat and claw and ball front legs, which are in their original state and of excellent colour. Here is also a walnut secretaire of the early eighteenth century, in which the upper stage is faced with a mirror panel with bevelled edge and slightly shaped angles, flanked by fluted pilasters, while the lower stage contains three drawers and a larger writing-drawer.

J. DE S.



A CARVED AND INLAID CHAIR FROM KENTWELL HALL.